Saturday Night

AUGUST 4TH 1956 TEN CENTS

Family Doctors Demand More Open Hospitals

BY BRIAN CAHILL

★

Bared Bodies And Nasty Minds

BY HAROLD WEIR

★

These Lake Swims: Summer Madness

BY TRENT FRAYNE

★

Nova Scotia's Best Export

BY CHARLES BRUCE

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scon at Stratford: Page 23

Thoughts at quitting time

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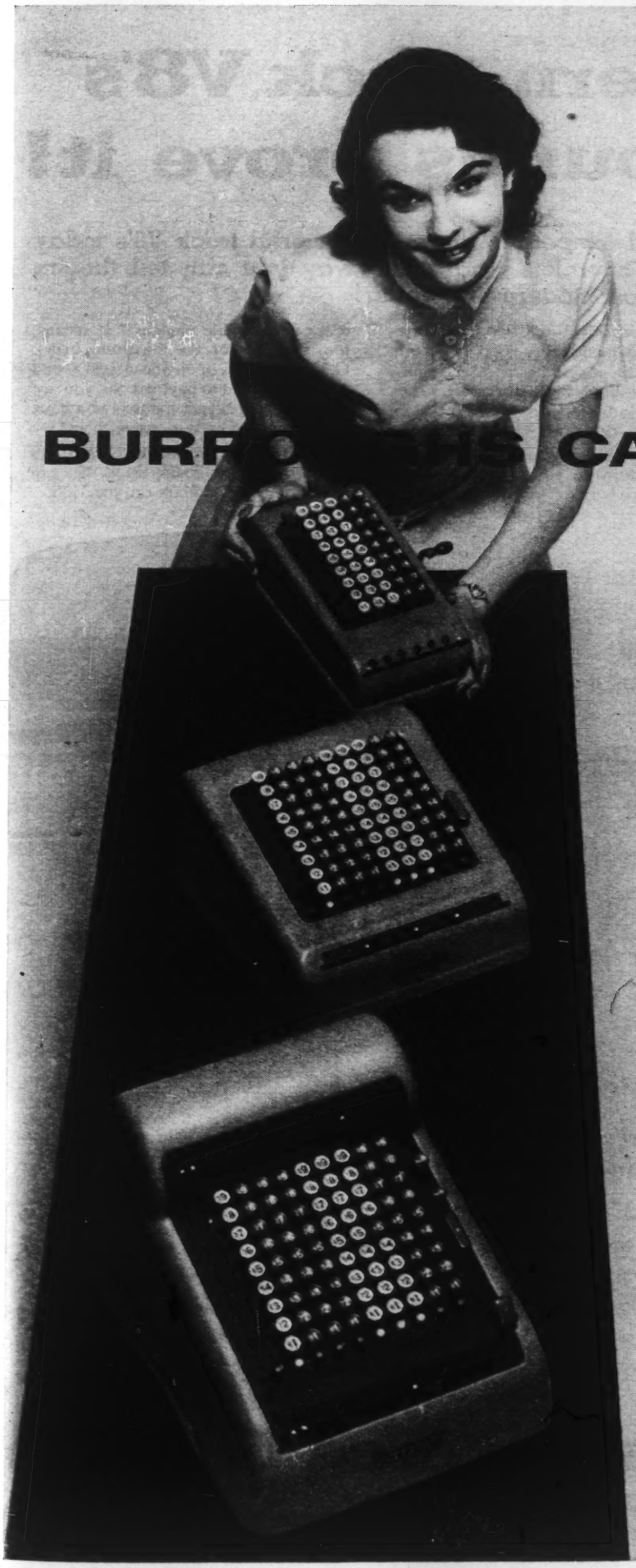

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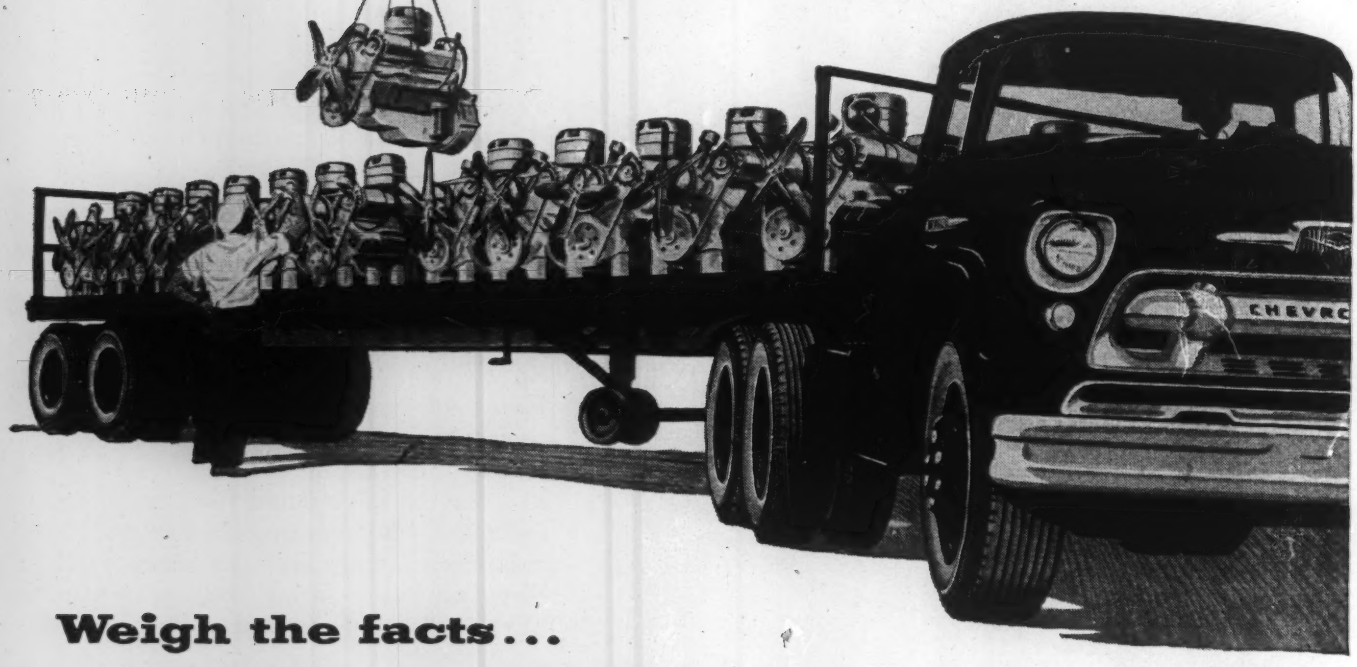

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THE FRONT PAGE

- **Feeble Restraint on Arrogance**
- **An Asian Governor General**
- **How Many Troops for What Purpose?**
- **Freeing the Retail Merchant**

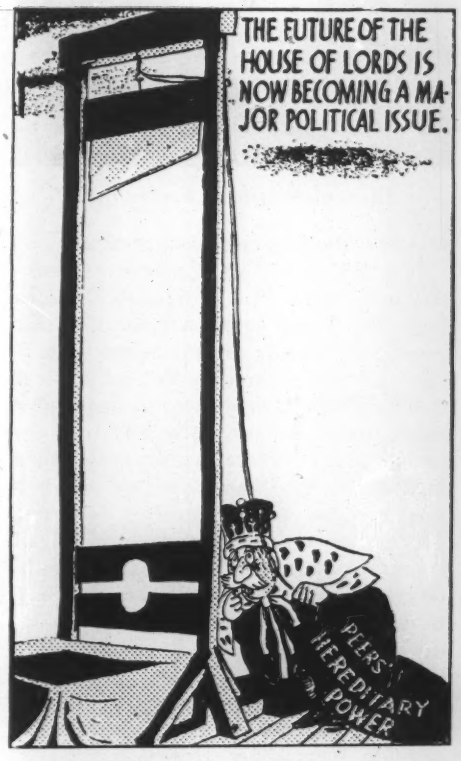
Deterrent

CONSERVATIVES and Socialists keep talking about the necessity for an election, but it's really too much to expect before Finance Minister Harris has a chance to bring in another budget. The carefully planned cutting of taxes is almost as ritualistic a feature of election campaigns as the public kissing of strange babies, and produces much the same kind of fleeting but warm-hearted response from the voters. What would happen, one wonders, if the Government were to announce as part of its election campaign that income taxes would stay unchanged as a necessary bridle on our frisky economy; and further, that the Government would continue its piggy-bank, or hidden tax policy, with no alteration beyond stating the amount of tax clearly on every item that the taxpayer buys? Our guess is that such a policy would inspire the stunned respect of the entire electorate. Also that the Government would disappear, amid a tumult of applause, under the biggest political landslide in history.

Living with Reality

WHILE British newspapers and many parliamentarians were warning the House of Lords recently that defiance of the House of Commons would inevitably endanger the future of the Lords, Canadian Conservatives and Socialists were saying some pretty harsh things about the Senate, Canada's own Upper House. The Conservatives only proposed a reform of the Senate, but the Socialists wanted its outright abolition. There is little danger of either the Lords' or the Senate's being snuffed out in the foreseeable future, however.

Particularly in the past dozen years, the Lords have learnt that they must prove their usefulness or get out. As a result, they have done much to justify their present constitutional position as a chamber of review. They realize that, with the Labour party traditionally hostile to the Peers, they cannot use their power of protest against Commons legislation in any irresponsible manner. To do so would mean that the election of the next Labour Government would be their death warrant. The realities of British political life have set up a fine balance between the Upper and Lower Houses.



"Mine own executioner."
(Vicky, The London Daily Mirror.)

There is, unfortunately, no such balance in Canadian political life. Here there are no fears that an unruly Senate will obstruct the will of the Commons. Indeed, most Canadians would be pleased if the Senate did occasionally cause a bit of a ruckus and thus prove that it still had some life in it. The Senators themselves, apart from a dozen or so of them, provide one of the best arguments for their own abolition.

But in Canada, at least, recent parliamentary events have demonstrated the necessity for some sort of restraining influence on the House of Commons, and this restraint can best be exercised by a second chamber, a place for review. When an irresponsible Government, led by men with no respect for parliamentary procedure, is backed by a huge, slavish majority, the traditional checks and balances provided by the Opposition are not enough. Without the added curb of a body such as a Senate, Parliament itself could become a mockery.

The Canadian Senate, of course, only occasionally makes a weary, feeble attempt to live up to its responsibility. It could be abolished and scarcely be missed. But it is safe as long as Canadian Governments think of it as a useful instrument of patronage, a quiet pasture for the retirement of political warhorses. If this attitude persists, the time will come when demands for abolition of the Senate cannot be ignored, and Parliament will suffer. Reform, then, must come and come soon. The Senators themselves could face reality, as the Lords have done, but this may be expecting too much. Unfortunately, it may even be too much to expect a Federal Government to take the necessary remedial action.

Silver Lining

THE welfare state is being thrust upon us by open-handed politicians, whether we want it or not. Perhaps what makes it easy for the politicians is the dense atmosphere of confusion in which most debates about the welfare state are carried on. The other night we listened to such a debate, which closed on a note that could be either the last word in pessimism or the final bleat of optimism. It was this: "Well, cheer up, old man. Even pie-in-the-sky may have a silver lining."

Vice-regal Choice

IT's doubtful if very many Canadians give a hoot about who succeeds the Right Honorable Vincent Massey as Governor General. They may not even be much concerned about the need for a Governor General at all. Nevertheless, the choice of a man to follow Mr. Massey is important. It could be a fine stroke of diplomacy or it could lead to a debasement of the office that would be a preliminary to making Canada a republic.

Prime Minister St. Laurent is the one being mentioned most frequently at the

moment as a possible successor to Mr. Massey. This would be a most unfortunate choice. It would confirm the post as a political reward and settle it into the dreary racial rotation that emphasizes Canada's split personality.

A far better suggestion is that made by the *Vancouver Sun*, that the next Governor General of Canada be chosen from one of the member nations of the Commonwealth, preferably from one of the Asian countries. If an Indian, Pakistani or Cingalese became Governor General, it would do much more than preserve the dignity of the office in Canada. As the *Sun* argues: "It would greatly strengthen the Commonwealth by spanning at once the chasms of white and color, monarchy and republic". And in so doing, it would also help to lessen fear and suspicion of the white West by the colored East. It would be a bond of friendship, of trust and of brotherhood.

Publishing

IF Robert Fowler and his two colleagues on the Royal Commission on Broadcasting still have any doubts whether broadcasting is a form of publishing, they can resolve them by consulting several legal decisions given in Canadian courts during the past few years. The most recent ruling was that of Mr. Justice Currie of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. A Maritime radio station had broadcast a request for information about the whereabouts of a man accused (and subsequently acquitted) of murder. Mr. Justice Currie agreed with the prosecutor that the station's announcement constituted publication. It follows that broadcasting should be as free of regulation as other forms of publishing.

How Many Troops?

NOTHING will be done until after the presidential election about the reported proposal to reduce the armed forces of the United States by up to 800,000 men during the next four years. But hot debate about what should be the numerical strength of the American army, navy and air force started with the first suggestion that such a reduction was proposed and is not likely to abate during the election campaign. The same sort of argument is going on in Britain. It has been boiling up since the dropping of the first A-bomb.

Does a nation well equipped with nuclear weapons need masses of conventionally armed troops? The most experienced and well informed military men cannot agree. Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, who has proposed the gradual reduction of the U.S. forces from 2.8 million to 2 million, apparently believes that there is less need for mass on the ground or on the water. The former Army staff chief, General

Admiral Radford: Fewer men.

Matthew Ridgway seems to disagree.

It is not simply an argument for military men, however. The military decisions have the most serious implications for everyone. Indeed, the fundamental decision may not be military but political. It is difficult for a layman to estimate how many troops are needed at any time for an adequate defence, particularly when military leaders themselves are not too sure of what defence involves. But one does not have to be a graduate of a staff college to understand that, once the military force of a nation has been reshaped to fight a nuclear war instead of a conventional war, the nation is committed to the nuclear weapons under all circumstances; there can be no such thing as a "limited" war under these conditions. The question, then, is not, "How many troops?" but "How many troops to do what?"

There is another aspect of the Radford proposal that concerns Canada and the other members of NATO. A reduction of 800,000 in the U.S. forces will mean the stripping of overseas contingents. About 40 per cent of the 2.8 million in uniform serve outside the U.S. A proportionate reduction in the numbers serving abroad will make U.S. foreign bases vulnerable, but, more important, will leave only a token force in Europe. And a large-scale American withdrawal from Europe will kill NATO.

General Ridgway: Disagrees.

It may be that NATO has outlived its military usefulness. But the Russians would dearly love to see it end. To destroy it without first using it in a tough trade with the Russians would be a crime.

Very Funny Money

TECHNOCRACY, "the energy system of accounting", flourished a quarter of a century ago and attracted a large number of adherents. Its principle was the substitution of energy-units and energy-certificates for currency, a scheme (according to its supporters) peculiarly adapted to a period of technical expansion. In the interval, techniques have expanded beyond the wildest dreams of the technocrats, while Technocracy itself has continued to dwindle. It still survives, however, and its claims seem to have increased with its public decline. "Technocracy," says a leaflet received recently from Technocracy Inc., "will make every citizen of the country wealthy, without exception. Theft or loss of income will be impossible. . . The energy-certificate, being non-negotiable, will make graft and political dictatorship impossible. . .There will be no taxes and debt will be impossible." What isn't explained is how, with everyone solvent and contented, anyone will find enough incentive to keep the energy system going.

Better Service

EARLIER this year, Calgary repealed a bylaw that provided for early closing of retail stores. Shopkeepers were given back the right to choose their own hours of doing business. Many of them didn't want such freedom and predicted that it would bring chaos to Calgary's retail world.

Nothing of the sort happened, of course. The *Calgary Herald* recently commented: "The repeal of the retail-store bylaw, has, demonstrably, benefited infinitely more people than it hurt, if it hurt anybody, really".

What has happened in Calgary should happen in every community where enough petty retailers have ganged up to get restrictive regulations passed by their municipal governments. There are provincial laws governing wages and conditions of work, and within their framework the seller should be free to do as efficient and enterprising a job as he can for his customers.

There is a danger that the family doctor, forced to hand over his patients to big-hospital specialists, will become nothing more than someone to handle emergencies, a giver of first aid.

"Closed Hospitals" vs. the Family Doctor

by Brian Cahill

AT THE ANNUAL general meeting of the Canadian Medical Association in Quebec City in June, Governor General Massey put a vice-regal finger on a very sore spot in the body medical by asking, in effect: what has become of the family doctor?

Could the delegates tell him, the Governor General wondered, what was being done, or could be done, for a friend of his who has small children and complains that he cannot get simple, sound advice about simple medical matters because the family "has five specialists but no doctor".

In ruminating on the disappearance of the family doctor, and noting a tendency for modern streamlined medicine to forget about what he called "the personal needs of the man or woman who is sick and in trouble", Mr. Massey edged close to a medical controversy that has been going on quietly for some time. The controversy has to do with Canada's "closed hospitals" and what, if anything, can be done about them.

A "closed hospital" is one which makes its facilities available only to members of the medical staff of that hospital. Only staff members may admit patients to the closed hospital, and only staff members may treat patients while they are in the hospital.

Most of Canada's hospitals are closed in this sense, although some of them would repudiate the term and none of them likes it very much. The degree to which the hospitals are closed varies. The big university teaching hospitals in Montreal and Toronto are tightly closed. The staff members are mainly specialists in various branches of medicine, although a few general practitioners of very high standing or (critics of the system say) with a shrewd knowledge of medical politics and good connections in the right places, may be appointed.

GP role ends in the home.

A surgeon who has never seen you before in his life operates.

If you get an attack of appendicitis in Toronto or Montreal, your family doctor, if you are lucky enough to know one, may come running in the night and may be able to get an ambulance and, if he has a specialist friend on the staff, or other connections, may be able to have you admitted to one of the "big" hospitals as a private patient.

But here his part usually ends.

Your family doctor cannot come into the hospital and take out the appendix. He may be well able to perform this relatively simple operation, particularly if he has good operating-room facilities and a trained staff to help him, but the closed hospital forbids it. A surgeon on the staff of the hospital who has never seen you before in his life — and who may never see more of you than about four square inches of abdomen — performs the operation.

You will get his bill later.

Even when the operation is over, your family doctor cannot do more than visit you as a friend. He cannot prescribe medicine or treat you in any way. A member of the staff, usually an intern, is in charge of your post-operative care.

Your family doctor may be an older, experienced man who knows you and

your medical history much better than the young intern. No matter. If he even ventures to cluck disapprovingly as he looks over your treatment chart, he may find himself in trouble for "unprofessional conduct".

Not all Canadian hospitals are closed to the extreme degree of the big Montreal and Toronto institutions. Some smaller hospitals in the cities and most hospitals in country districts make their facilities available in varying degrees, often from necessity rather than choice, to a fair number of GPs. These are hospitals which cannot attract a good supply of specialists to their staffs. Specialists gravitate to the cities and to the "name" hospitals in the cities. The others must co-operate with the available GPs if they are to offer any service at all.

By and large, however, and this is stated on the authority of the College of General Practice of Canada, a body which is doing its best to alter the situation, a Canadian GP who practises within reach of top flight medical facilities is not able to use these facilities to treat his patients. To obtain the best for his patient he must be prepared to "lose" the patient, and the major part of the patient's fee, to a specialist who is a staff member of a big hospital.

The closed hospital is an outgrowth of the days when medical education was not as good or as standardized as it is today, and when most hospitals were financed by private funds or supported by religious and social welfare organizations. Towards the end of the last century, and in the early years of this one, the unorganized state of medical education placed doctors of widely different training and capabilities on the medical scene. In order to protect their patients from unqualified practitioners and, in the case of teaching hospitals, for the additional purpose of providing only top flight instructors, the hospitals began to close their doors to all but a certain list of medical men approved by the medical board of the hospital.

This was considered a good and useful development at the time, and teaching hospitals still cling firmly to it on the grounds that their reputations will suffer if they "lower their standards".

Critics of the system say that it is outmoded in this day of generally good medical education and competent doctors. The charge is frequently heard that medical boards today take other factors than medical competence into consideration when they make staff appointments.

Another point made by the critics is that whatever right hospitals may once have had to restrict their facilities no longer exists. Today hospitals are largely supported by government funds and by money raised from the general public in annual drives and campaigns. The argument is that a patient who is supporting a hospital by his taxes or periodic subscriptions to drives has a right to enter that hospital in need, and to be treated there by a doctor of his own choice.

The men most against the system of closed hospitals are, naturally, the GPs. They say it is one of the main factors in bringing about the scarcity of family doctors and the impersonality of hospital treatment complained of by Mr. Massey.

The kindly, knowledgeable family doctor of yesterday is still about and still capable of treating, adequately and inexpensively, most of the ills that flesh is heir to, say the GPs. At Quebec City this year the College of General Practice said in an official statement: "The competent general practitioner can provide good medical care for 85 per cent of the ills of people, and knows where to obtain help for the remainder . . . it is essential that he have access to hospital facilities by being able to admit his patients to the neighboring general hospital and treat them there according to his experience and training."

New Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto has a department of general practice.

Without access to the hospitals and without recognition of his part in the care of the patient, the GP finds it difficult to keep up with the latest medical developments and may become uncertain of his own knowledge and skill. There is danger that he may be regulated to the status of a giver of first aid, a useful person to know because he will respond to an emergency call at odd hours, and his main function then will be to reassure the patient and his family, perhaps give a sedative, and next day, call in a specialist and "leave the case in good hands".

There is suspicion that the closed hospital is leading to a widespread practice of splitting fees. Under the split-fee system, the general practitioner acts merely as a clearing house for patients whom he refers to specialists. The specialist charges a high fee and "kicks back" a portion of it to the GP. This is completely against medical ethics, but the practice is not unknown and the closed hospital tends to encourage it.

The young doctors, partly because of the exclusion of the GP from hospitals, tend to specialize, and the older men are often too busy or tired to take on new patients. In Quebec, according to a spokesman for the College of General Practice, about 40 per cent of all medical doctors are specialists. In Ontario, the figure is 30 per cent. In Great Britain, where the standards of care are not lower and where most GPs have access to hospitals, the figure is seven per cent.

Even the efficiency of the treatment is questioned. The specialists, it is charged, are too busy to treat "the whole man". Because it is convenient for them to have the patient in the hospital, they sometimes bring him in for conditions that could be treated at home and sometimes keep him waiting around for days until they are ready to proceed. This costs money and takes up badly needed hospital space.

Some people question the necessity for many operations performed by "house surgeons" and wonder if the specialists, concentrating on a narrow field of medicine, may not miss some larger, more important condition.

The GPs, in criticizing the closed hospital are reluctant to go into this aspect of the matter. They shy away from any reflection on the professional competence of their specialist colleagues, or any imputation that the specialists wish to preserve the closed hospital because it enables them to practise medicine conveniently and lucratively and still keep office hours. The medical profession has always tended to keep quarrels of this nature within the family.

The GPs do wish, however, to have extended to them the privilege of following their patients into the hospitals and taking part, as far as their knowledge and ability allows, in the treatment.

To this end they are working to have established in every Canadian hospital a Department of General Practice, headed by a general practitioner who would have equal status with other heads of departments.

Some progress is being made. About 40 hospitals across Canada today have departments of general practice, and others, including some of the major teaching hospitals, are considering the matter seriously. In Toronto, Mount Sinai Hospital and Northwestern Hospital have departments of general practice. In Montreal, Misericordia has one.

There is obviously still a long way to go. But the Canadian general practitioner is not yet willing to be eliminated from the medical scene. He considers that under present day conditions his role should be of increasing rather than decreasing importance.

Stevenson tests a noose.

Kefauver pats party's emblem.

Stretch Drive for Democrats

In Chicago the week of August 13 U.S. Democratic delegates will pick their candidate for the presidential election. After a shaky start, Adlai Stevenson has come on to be the strong favorite. His main opposition may come, not from Kefauver, who has faded, but from Harriman, who is trying to exploit splits in the party. On the eve of the convention, the delegates' votes are pledged thus: Stevenson 432½, Kefauver 195½, Harriman 140½, Johnson 89, Symington 60½, favorite sons 266, on the fence 188; needed to nominate 686½.

New York's Governor Harriman.

Lyndon Johnson, Texas.

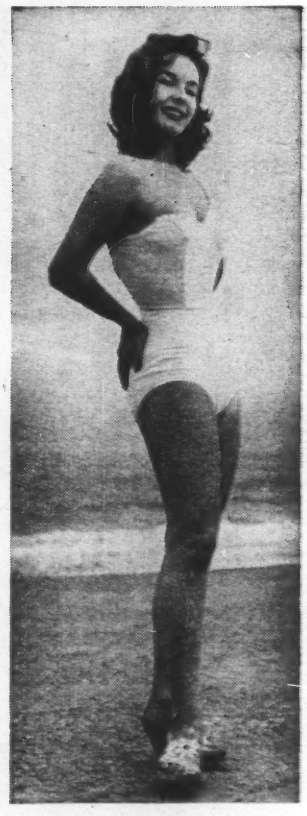
Missouri's Symington.

Midriff trouble.

Bared flesh always causes a commotion in the squalid corners of men's minds but what was once clammily seductive has now become healthily commonplace.

Nudes and Prudes

by Harold Weir



Covering things up.

THERE'S BEEN a minor unpleasantness out here in Vancouver over the frantic efforts of certain prudes to stop athletic young men and women exposing their legs and torsos on public tennis courts.

It may come as a surprise to the East, where the legend of a perpetually drenched Vancouver is said to prevail, to learn that there are days when athletic young persons would wish to expose their limbs and lungs to the weather on a tennis court. But there have been a good few such days this year, and so the more uninhibited tore off their shirts and socks and practised the highly-touted regimen of body-breathing in parks and playgrounds.

No sooner had this startling assortment of knees and midriffs gone on display, than calls of furious protest began pouring into the police department. And since an ancient Park Board bylaw (now in process of amendment), forbids persons in swimming suits or in trunks to "loiter, play or sunbathe" on any Park Board property except bathing beaches or "parks immediately contiguous to bathing beaches", the cops, reluctantly, had to leave their pursuit of burglars and overparked motorists and chase these low-lifers out of the public sight.

Now the point is not the obvious obsolescence of this moldy bylaw, but the mental obsolescence of those who would invoke it. So the thought that sprang immediately to the alert and manly mind was this: what kind of jerks are these who find themselves shocked and infuriated when they set a red-rimmed eye on anything so innocuous as an undraped thigh or a coyly peeping belly?

Yardstick for morals.

The police were naturally reticent about revealing the identity of the pathologically pure in heart who had called in the law to protect their visual chastity. But a little cautious investigation disclosed the strange probability that the complainants were neither diaconal characters nor frail old ladies with beribboned gullets and a weakness for buttered Banbury buns. They fell, generally, into two categories: plump women who go shopping in slacks, with pendulous and/or popping anatomies and jovial citizens with double chins, pot-bellies and a hooker of rye within easy reach.

Your tooth-gnashing puritan comes in singular moulds and is animated by quaint motives. Have you noticed, for example, that the fellow who tells the juiciest stories in public houses is the fellow who raises most sulphurous hell about any taint of carnality on his daughter's lips? Has it occurred to you that the roguish lady who titters first and most loudly over putrid little titbits of gossip on the beaks of fellow carnivores in the bridge club is the first to slap her young son arm-over-applecart when he enquires, with too much pertinent diligence, into the cabbage patch theory of reproduction?

Lest it be thought that this prudish fury is a phenomenon peculiar to Vancouver, whose community is said by slanderous statisticians to produce more illegitimacies per thousand per year than any other section of Canada, it should be recalled that there was a similar outburst of frustrated righteousness in England not long ago. But, before we get on to England, we find ourselves impelled to record a curious sequitur, namely, that if one accepts the facts of both these pruderies and these illegitimacies, one is forced to the somewhat anomalous conclusion that the events which led to the latter must have been conducted with amazing propriety and astonishing

decorum. But however unwilling we may be to leave this fascinating paradox, it seems necessary to point the finger of bewilderment at the town of Cross Keys in England where, a few weeks ago, a carnival company had planned to stage that thrilling old standby of the English countryside, the ride of Lady Godiva.

Lady Godiva, in real life and at the time of her historic canter, appears to have been a mature matron in an age when a mature matron was usually a bag. But the Lady Godiva of Cross Keys was to have been a ravishing young wench from London, a shapely and succulent bit, prepared to mount a white horse, like King William, and ride, unlike King William, in a state of complete nudity except for a frivolous blonde wig.

This project so incensed the allegedly pure in heart that they fervently appealed to the town authorities. When that failed, they just as fervently appealed to the Almighty. And then it rained. It poured. And Lady Godiva was rained out. So the puritans of Cross Keys are prating today of "divine intervention".

This incident is related here, not to imply that the Almighty is prone to do things the hard way, but as throwing a light on the weird mentality of those to whom exposure of the human hide is a deadly sin—for instance, the novel assumption that the Almighty is the founder of the suit and cloak industry.

As a matter of fact, if one chose to fall back on sophistry and limping logic, one could make out a pretty fair case for the proposition that the Almighty is rather more anti-clothing than pro-clothing. If you'll open the Good Book at the earlier pages, you'll find that clothing came into the world as a consequence of disobedience to God's will. Eve took to the fig leaf as a result of flouting divine regulations. She was told to keep her grimy little paws off the fruit of the tree. But she sneaked a bite and Messieurs Dior and Fath, in a manner of speaking, were in business from that moment. So you could say, if you wished, that haberdashery and such gimmicks were indirect inventions of the devil.

This, perhaps, includes the first and greatest indictment of the prude: a blatant and blazing defiance of reason. And the second, as the Book of Common Prayer puts it, is like unto it: a blatant and blazing defiance of simple decency.

When this writer was an unwholesome little boy, with goggle eyes and buck teeth, he used to frequent English Bay beach in Vancouver where ladies, in those remote days, took to the waters in cumbersome, skirted costumes complete with long stockings which were supposed to make a close and constant contact with the unmentionables.

It's a matter of record, we believe, that these gargoylish get-ups used to attract a larger gallery of leering Lotharios than the present semi-Bikini. There was more lusty panting about a chance glimpse of a scant inch of pallid skin, unsunned like the underside of a fish, than there is today about a full yard of frankly bared leg and a healthy expanse of golden brown belly. The mysterious and clammily seductive has now become salubriously commonplace.

All of which proves, in the view of this writer, at least, that much of the shock and shame about the human body springs, not so much from a candid—and edited — display of it, as from dark, squalid and unaired little corners of the human mind.

None of this, of course, must be construed as an endorsation of out-and-out nudism. For, in complete nudism, an entirely new factor enters, the aesthetic factor. While a casual promenade through a nudist camp may do no permanent violence to one's morals, it's conceivable that it may work irreparable injury on one's sense of beauty. For, as the good God surely knows, few of us are Adonises and still fewer can compete with Venus.

This writer has been invited, time and time again, to those cloistered meadows where devotees of the sun disport themselves in the raw and, by all creditable reports, behave themselves with commendable restraint and even indifference. He has been compelled to decline these invitations with real regret, not because he fears the impact on his soul's salvation, not because he apprehends sights that would bring a blush to a young person's cheek, as Mr. Podsnap so tediously phrases it, but because, at his age, any further whittling down of his aesthetic illusions would be unbearable.

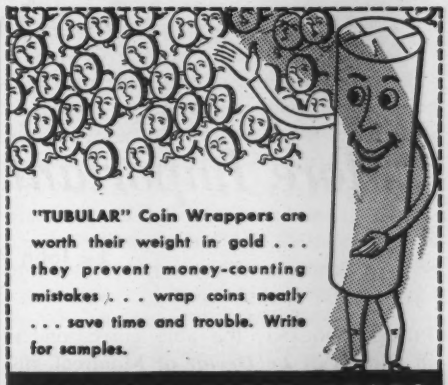
Most of us, one believes, cling with practically the last breath to the undying hope that just around the corner may stand Aphrodite. The prospect of visiting nudist camps appals this writer because he foresees so clearly the rude diminution of that hope.

It's this fact, this single fact, that stays one's hand at the point of indicting blistering comminations against nasty, dirty little minds that oppose the wearing of sane and sensible and scanty clothing in the heat of summer.

Perhaps, after all, these minds aren't exactly nasty. Perhaps they're not really dirty. Perhaps they're just ultra-sensitive.

It may be the case, although we strongly doubt it, that these angry prudes who rail against bare legs and unapparelled tummies are merely consumed with a passion for beauty.

The answer to that position, if it is a position, can be found in a paraphrase of a once-popular play: "All God's chillun got warts".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More Important than Parliament

by John A. Stevenson

PIERRE VIGEANT, the able correspondent in Ottawa of *Le Devoir* of Montreal, discussing in his paper the controversy over the position of Speaker Beaudoin, propounded this thesis: since French-Canadians had not been educated from childhood in the veneration of parliamentary institutions, based more on precedents than on rules, they could not be expected to "react strongly to incidents which seemed secondary to them".

This may explain, although it certainly does not excuse, the extraordinary and wholly indefensible conduct of Prime Minister St. Laurent in rescuing Speaker Beaudoin from the consequences of his lapses from impartiality.

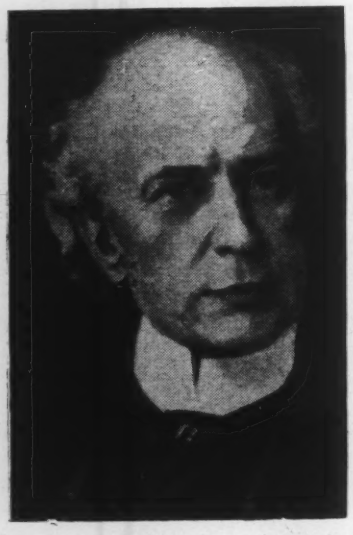
In the years after Canada passed under the British flag, the French-Canadian people were given by the Quebec Act and other measures special rights and privileges, which they dearly cherish, on the distinct understanding that they would accept the parliamentary and other institutions of the British system of government. Throughout the years most of their leaders have faithfully observed this pact.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was firmly anchored to the principles of Liberalism, as Mr. St. Laurent is not, was never tired of voicing his admiration for British parliamentary institutions and telling his compatriots how fortunate they were to live under them. Even Henri Bourassa, who was no lover of the British, used to laud their parliamentary system as a bulwark of democratic freedom.

Canada came to be a repository of British ideals, institutions and traditions on the North American continent, when the United States had cut itself adrift from them. If such a fundamental element of the British system as the right of free and full debate of legislation in Parliament is to be discarded at the whim of a transient majority, then there will be little valid reason for maintaining the struggle for the preservation of the separate political entity of Canada.

The conduct of the speaker was culpable, but at least he had the grace to admit by proferring his resignation that his offences against the high traditions of his office had made his position untenable. It is his rescuer, Prime Minister St. Laurent, who will stand in the pillory of history for conduct and pronouncements which have earned for him the stern condemnation, not merely of political opponents, but of most of the leading Liberal newspapers of Canada.

While he was still in London, the great majority of his Cabinet had apparently reached the conclusion that the resignation of the Speaker must be accepted. They had settled upon René Jutras (L., Provencher), a French-Canadian from Manitoba, who would have been acceptable to all parties as Mr. Beaudoin's successor. But when Mr. St. Laurent reached Ottawa, he found a solid bloc of his French-Canadian followers, including



Laurier: Anchored to principles.

some Ministers, raging against this decision and clamoring that he must save such a distinguished French-Canadian as Mr. Beaudoin from humiliation.

His own anxiety to keep the goodwill of his own people impelled him to sympathize with the views of their spokesmen and to insist upon the retention of Mr. Beaudoin. The anti-Beaudoinites in the Cabinet had to bow ruefully to his decision, as the alternative would have been his resignation.

Mr. St. Laurent rested his main case for the retention of the Speaker on the grounds that his own confidence in Mr. Beaudoin's impartiality was unshaken and that it was shared by the overwhelming majority of the present House of Commons. It mattered nothing to him that two parties in the Commons proclaimed their complete loss of confidence in the Speaker and that their views have been endorsed by Liberal papers like the *Winnipeg Free Press* and *Toronto Star*. The charge against the Speaker is that he neglected at the behest of the Government his traditional duty to protect the established rights of the minority. Mr. St. Laurent evidently thinks that the rights of the minority deserve no consideration when they interfere with the plans of his Government. The will of the temporarily dominant Liberal party must prevail regardless of the consequences for the prestige and authority of Parliament and of the Speakership.

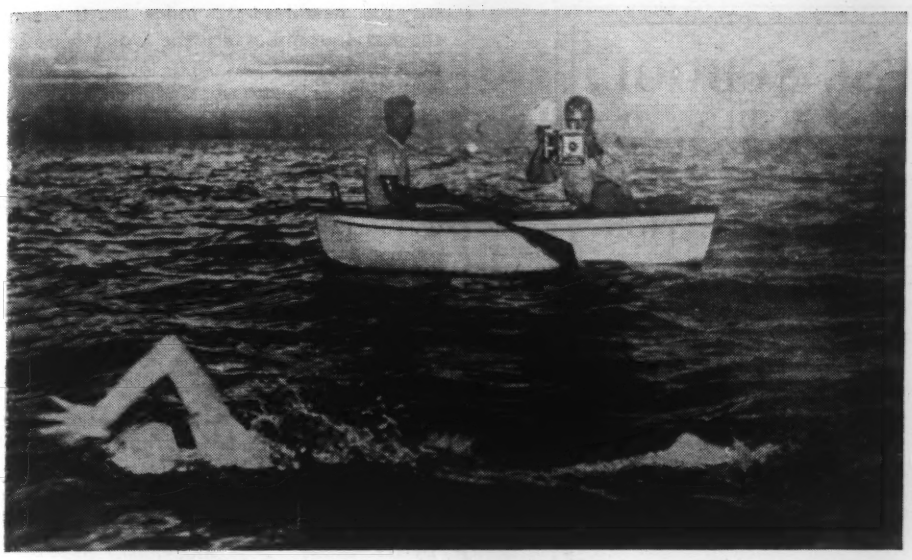
There was a comical aspect to Mr. St. Laurent's praise of the Speaker for "being willing to subordinate his personal feelings to his duty to Parliament and to the country". Mr. Beaudoin got into trouble by convincing the Opposition that he was doing exactly the opposite in some of his rulings in the debate on the pipeline.

The last word on the subject of a party's monopoly of power was said by a German woman, Rosa Luxemburg, who died for her political beliefs. Commenting on the Russian revolution and the dictatorial regime of one party which it had produced, she said:

"Freedom for the supporters of the Government only—no matter how large its membership may be—is no freedom at all. Freedom is always freedom for the man who thinks differently. Freedom loses all its virtue when it becomes a privilege. Without general elections, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom of speech, life in every public institution slows down, becomes a caricature of itself and bureaucracy rises as the only deciding factor. Public life gradually dies and a few dozen party leaders with inexhaustible energy and limitless idealism direct and rule. Cliquism develops a dictatorship, not the dictatorship of the proletariat, but of a handful of politicians in the Jacobin sense."

When the next election comes round, Mr. St. Laurent will be paraded around the country as the benevolent "Uncle Louie" who has a soul above narrow partisan ends and racial predilections. He will be limned as a fountain of serene wisdom, a bright and shining lamp of Liberalism and a selfless patriot, spending his waning strength in the service of his country. Doubtless he will bleat about the urgent need for arming ourselves against the terrible menace of Russia and her baneful dictatorial regime, and he will cheerfully ignore the fact that he himself has in his recent action initiated dictatorial practice at Ottawa.

The voters of Canada will be blind if they condone the reckless abandon with which the Prime Minister, for the ends of his party, has done in the words of a paper friendly to him, the *Montreal Star*, "a grave disservice" to Parliament and its traditions.



Shirley Campbell of Fergus in her unsuccessful bid to beat Lake Ontario.

Go Jump in the Lake

by Trent Frayne

You have only to take off shoes and socks on Lake Ontario's shores to bring reporters, photographers, scurrying with notebooks and lenses at the ready.

THIS IS THE TIME of year that four-inch headlines make complete sense when they screech to people trapped in Toronto THREE MILES TO GO or SHIRLEY STILL IN or even JUAN DE FUCA NEXT. Heaven only knows if they make any sense beyond the circulation limits of the town's two evening papers, but to esoteric strap-clutchers on the world's shortest subway the headlines mean that the marathon swimmers are loose again.

Marathon swimmers are not necessarily people who come out of the walls every August to dip a speculative toe into Lake Ontario, but it seems that way. Nobody ever heard of ninety per cent of them, but every summer somebody named Hopkins or Potter or Noakes lives for a moment or two in the headlines and then is never heard from again.

The incredible fact is that while the person may be a nonentity in his street clothes, the instant he strips down to his drawers, dabs a few pounds of grease on his epidermis and leaps into the lake, he wins more attention than a white mouse in a school for brides.

During this period you cannot stop your automobile on the Toronto waterfront without arousing suspicion. Cameras point, announcers pause and peer apprehensively, and reporters rush up with pads, pencils and pointed queries, if not heads. One hot evening last summer a man removed his shoes and socks and went for a cooling stroll along the shoreline. In his mind he'd barely begun to phrase a scathing denunciation of his employer when a young man dashed up, explained he was from CBC television, and wanted to know what time the fellow planned to take off across the lake.

Almost everyone is bitten by marathonitis, although there is the occasional sceptic. Two years ago just before the disease became an epidemic in the wake of Marilyn Bell's swim across the lake, a man named Angus McStay sat quietly at home reading. He was upstairs, propped comfortably on his bed adorned in shorts and the ashes from his cigarette, when his wife came panting up the stairs late in the evening.

"Angus," she cried, "Marilyn Bell has swum the lake!"

Mr. McStay laid aside his copy of *Variety* and looked at his wife without expression.

"Why didn't she take the boat?" he enquired, and resumed his reading.

It's an excellent question, and one that continues to stand up these days when applied to all the people who spend their Augusts half-drowned in Lake Ontario. One answer may be the attention and material rewards that accompany a successful attempt, but the real reason is probably psychological, a desire to rise above the madding throng. This would explain the mass assaults on the English Channel, for example, where the financial returns are picayune and the fame so fleeting that one finds it impossible to recall the names of more than a couple of the ninety-odd swimmers who've made it. Around four hundred have challenged the channel since 1872 in what the British medical journal *Lancet* calls "possibly the greatest feat of endurance in the world of sport", and less than 25 per cent have succeeded. Odds like that can make a man feel he's nine feet tall.

Next to the channel, Lake Ontario seems to have become the most popular rendezvous of people who take their water straight. It looks placid enough, but the dozens who set off from Niagara-on-the-Lake on the south shore and aim

Marilyn Bell succeeds.

Cliff Lumsdon, marathon winner.

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for the headlines 32 miles north claim the last four miles are the worst because of a cross-undertow that tends to drive a swimmer west to Hamilton, an unnerving thought.

At any rate, as we scurry to press, Miss Bell is still the only woman who has gone all the way. Just as this was being written, a Toronto steam-fitter, John Jaremey, jumped into the water at Niagara-on-the-Lake and 21 hours and 15 minutes later reached Toronto's Eastern Gap. He had taken 20 minutes longer than Miss Bell for the crossing.

However, if people want to go jump in the lake, it's their business. But what about the hundreds of thousands who snatch up newspapers bearing those laconic headlines? What excites them? What is the fascination in knowing that Byron Blubb, boy machinist, has suddenly leaped into his trunks and is this very minute only 29 miles from shore? What does it matter if Byron gets cramps, waves to passing friends, takes corn syrup at 3.14 p.m., switches to the breast stroke at 4.46, grins at his coach, or sinks? And why do thousands of them stream to the lakefront and stand there in the dark peering out at nothing, in the hope of seeing Byron?

Well, psychologists declare that in sports the spectator often identifies himself with the participant. Accordingly, when somebody looks out and sees that inky forbidding water, he realizes he wouldn't wade in *there* for all the beer on television. But somewhere out there *is* a man who has waded in, and if the truth were known (the spectator goes on), he is really *me*, fighting off eels, overcoming exhaustion, and emerging, naturally, triumphant.

Approximately the same thing happens at wrestling matches, where the spectator lives vicariously inside the ropes with the hero and the villain. Gentle ladies release their frustrations on the villain and have been known to jab him with sharp hat-pins or the lighted ends of cigarettes.

Professor J. D. Ketchum, a University of Toronto psychologist, says that people curb their emotions in most of their relations with other people — because convention demands it. But when they get an excuse to give out with them legitimately, such as at sports events, they do so. The professor is undisturbed that some ladies stick pins in wrestlers or revere marathon swimmers.

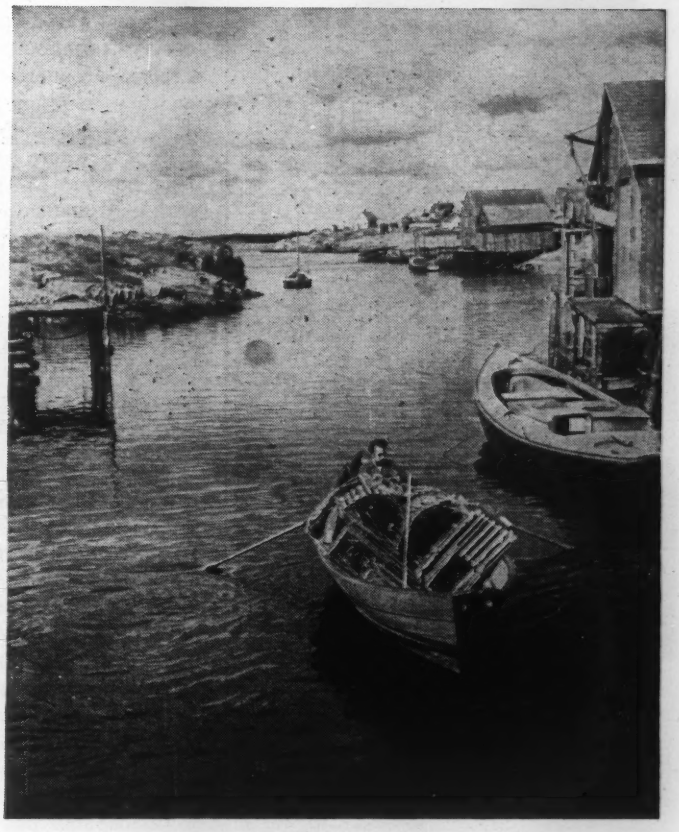
"They are less likely to nag their husbands," he smiles.

So if the guy sees a marathoner clad in shining armor on a white horse, what's the harm in that? If it makes ladies less apt to nag their husbands, as the professor suggests, then give that man a box of snickers. Frankly, I wish somebody would swim the Atlantic Ocean.

People: Nova Scotia's Best Export

by Charles Bruce

Is the Province's destiny to continue as a colonizer to the nation? . . . To preserve the kind of region where an individual sort of person is born and raised and developed?



Mining and fishing produce a hardy race.

ON THE EVENING of the day they opened the Canso Causeway a score or so of men, women and kids dropped in at Wilfrid Sceles's place at Port Shoreham, about 25 miles up the shore road.

This gathering had no direct connection with the Causeway opening (for that matter, it had no direct connection with anything), though most of those who sat around Wilfrid's parlor that August evening had been among the 40,000 on shore and mountainside who saw the ribbon cut.

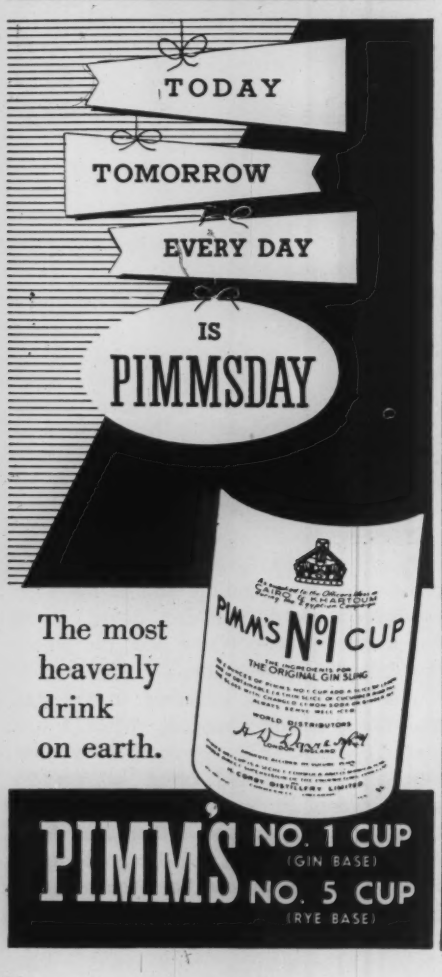
Nor was their talk particularly concerned with that mile-long road of stone which links Cape Breton with the mainland. For here were men and women from Alberta, from Saskatchewan, from Ontario, from California and Massachusetts, and what they had to talk about was people. The expatriates, home for a week or a summer or a day, must bring themselves abreast of Time as measured by deaths and marriages, births and departures. The stay-at-homes must hear about others who had gone away.

The conversation, ranging backward to the '90's, and forward to tomorrow, southwestward to Oklahoma and home to the beach, was blended with a curious harmony. In the lulls the talkers could hear through open windows the faint far-off grumble of surf on Ragged Head. And nearer by, whether there were lulls or not, the plaintive and stirring sound of the pipes.

The surf and the pipes come into this story becouse they are things that can be taken—as a thousand others could be taken—as concrete symbols of an environment and a set of social circumstances that are essentially Nova Scotian and that cannot be expressed in abstract terms.

The surf has been there since the beginning. The explanation of the pipes was this. About 170 years ago a man named Tom Sceles cut himself a clearing in the standing woods around the head of Chedabucto Bay. So did scores of others; one of these was a man named John McMaster. Both "had issue", as the genealogies say, and in comparatively modern times a great-great-granddaughter of the one and a great-great-grandson of the other met and married, in Boston. Between them they produced six little Yankee girls, and then a boy. They named the boy George and he grew up in Massachusetts and one day he got himself a chanter and went up in the attic and began to learn the pipes. On this particular evening at Port Shoreham he was one of the many who had piped their way that day across the Strait of Canso. After he had finished a practice session in the orchard while the story-telling was going on in his uncle's house, he came in and complained to us, mildly and in the softest Boston accent you ever heard, about the drums being so placed that the pipers couldn't pick up the time.

The thought that occurred to me was that things hadn't changed. When I was small, the talk in our parlor on a Sunday afternoon would often as not be about events in Somerville or Lynn or Glou'ster. Mother and father had lived in the States before I was born. Most of their children had been born there. Their circle of acquaintance took in not only a local radius of a dozen miles, but swept



outward to include brothers and sisters, sons and cousins, who had gone away. In a sense the neighborhood we lived in was a neighborhood that reached the southern borders of New England, and far to the west and east and south and north.

What I was thinking was that it still does; that nothing much has changed. Oh, there are outward differences. New faces and new things. The telephone and hydro and paved roads and, mostly, a car to every farmhouse. But the ageless thing is there—an interest above all in people; a tendency to roam (not romantically, except in rare individual cases, but because somewhere on the edge of the earth there happens to be an attractive job of work); a matter-of-fact way of looking at the world and its wonders; and a fine mirthful satisfaction in now and then getting back home.

If I were asked to put into words the qualities that seem to me most typical of Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians I think I would have to say *venture* and *adaptability*—and one other thing, which I will get to a bit later.

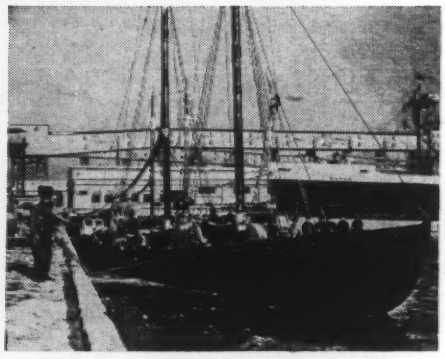
Words like venture and adaptability are abstractions, as I tried to hint a while ago. They mean little unless translated into the concrete. Venture, I am sure, to most Nova Scotians was and is a practical thing—a thing expressed in miles to travel and work to do and money to earn. Adaptabilty is at least its first cousin.

Take two incidents of settlement in my own part of the country, that part of Guysborough County that stretches west from the Strait of Canso along the shores of Chedabucto Bay to the Head of Tide above the county town:

In early summer of 1784 the 60th American Rifles, mainly people of German birth, were disbanded and settled on rocky land between the head of the bay and what is now Queensport. It is doubtful that any of these people had ever seen a fish-knife or a net. But the land they got was too poor to farm; the nearby woods grew pine that made good boats and the bay at their doorsteps was full of mackerel. The result was a fishing economy.

Much the same sort of thing occurred on the Strait of Canso shore. Among the original settlers were 48 families from the Carolinas and Georgia, loyalists who for a brief time were herded at St. Augustine in Florida, and then—when Florida returned to Spain—shipped north to Nova Scotia. These people for generations had farmed in the lush south. They were set ashore between the sea and the woods with a winter coming on. And they survived.

The venture that sent the people of the 60th out of Europe undoubtedly was largely the venture of the practical—the chance they glimpsed of a better fortune in America. The venture of the St. Augustine refugees was almost entirely the venture of necessity.



To sea in all weathers.

The practical and the necessary were merged also in the venture of the Scots, driven out by the highland displacements, who settled the eastern shore of the Strait and moved inland to their Gaelic pockets in the hills. And in that of the Acadians, drifting back from exile to find a foothold at Tracadie, and Havre Boucher, and on Ile Madame.

Adaptabilty, the faculty of making do with the things at hand, was bred into Nova Scotians in that harsh time. It has ever since been one of the qualities most useful to them whenever the saturation of a local economy sent them from a land where it was usual for a man to be at the same time farmer, fisherman and woodworker, with a spot of blacksmithing thrown in.

I have mentioned only one region, one group of communities. But the thing applies, in circumstances that differ only in names, accents, idioms, to the whole peninsula. There is no part of it (with the possible exception of its capital city, planned and built for military reasons) that was not settled by people who ventured there through inclination or necessity; who found, once there, that they must turn their hands to many things, and some of whose children found, as the land filled and opportunities opened elsewhere, that they must venture on.

They carried with them, these sons and grandsons, that curious gift of mind and hand. In the years before the combine ended that great yearly trek, the Harvest Excursion, the wheat-growers of the plains used to welcome down-easters because they could handle horses. One of the greatest fish-killers in the Gloucester fleet came off a Nova Scotia farm from which he couldn't see salt water; and he was no exception. Something of that matter-of-fact willingness to go anywhere and try anything still marks the Nova Scotian. It marks, perhaps, the people of all areas where variety of employment has not been overbalanced by specialized mass-production; and is particularly strong in Nova Scotia because so far that is something the province has not experienced to any great degree.

You find them everywhere, these people, roving or making a home. In 1945 at a Buckingham Palace garden party I chanced on a boy whose home was six miles down the road from mine. Nothing unusual in that in wartime, of course. But it is not confined to wartime . . . I think of a clerk in an upper Manhattan bookstore I happened to fall into talk with. Came from Yarmouth, she said. Or the three families from different parts of the province who live across the street from us in Toronto. All touched with that independence, that individual approach, that peculiar insouciance, that mark the Nova Scotian.

Perhaps I have over-emphasized one particular phase of it.

What I have been trying to get at really is that this migratory habit is integrated with and related to a lively heart and core of people whose actual home, as well as their traditional one, is within the province. It takes a vital homeland to produce the kind of people who have gone out to provide personality and spirit to the central belt and the far frontiers of this country. And the vital homeland is there—a beautiful peninsula ringed with surf and peopled by men and women who take their living largely from the land, the sea, and the woods, and small or medium-sized industries (except for the one great exception of Sydney area steel and coal) based on these natural resources.

Those who go do not lose sight of their origins. They are part of the big neighborhood.

It would be easy to touch the edge of controversy. For there are those who say that Nova Scotia's great day went out with the wooden ships, never to return until some kind of mass industrialization has been established. On the other side of it there are those who deplore the fact that too much youth leaves the province.

Charles Bruce

There are others who say that Nova Scotia's destiny is to continue as a colonizer to the nation, as certain islands in the North Sea were, in an earlier age, to the outposts of an expanding world, and to preserve in herself the kind of region where an individual kind of person is born and raised and developed: a region that has not been cursed by the preponderance of city and factory over earth and sea, or the domination of assembly-line thinking over salty friendliness and common sense.

Certainly it would seem obvious that if the day ever arrives when every child born in Nova Scotia can be employed there—and is content to be employed there—turning away from all the questing, roving, matter-of-fact venturing of his fathers, then the province will have lost something of the character that makes her unique in the Canadian federation.

Perhaps the thing to hope for is the development of industries that will continue to be in keeping with her character; industries that will be a *means* toward the preservations of attitudes and ways of living that have given a special color to the weave of Canada, rather than an *end* that compromises and destroys.

The fact is that there's nothing exactly depopulated about Nova Scotia. The 1951 census found 642,000 people living there, an increase of well over 100,000 in 20 years—a healthy and growing population to keep the place lively and continue to colonize others. You find, still, the old names on the land.

And what you have, in this, is that other quality I mentioned without naming it 1,000 words ago. What you have is *continuity*.

By that I don't mean preoccupation with the past. Anyone who has tried to do a bit of genealogical research in my native province knows that among the normal run of fifth and sixth generation Nova Scotians, the man is rare who can tell you what part of England or Scotland or Ireland his early progenitors came from.

No, the interest is in the present. But there is still that knowledge, that awareness, unexpressed but implicit, that past and present are part of the same thing.

So, in almost any settlement in Nova Scotia, you get this sense of continuity in time, merging with the other thing—the liveliness of coming and going, of a personal relationship with far places.

Years ago I wrote some verse in which I tried to express something of the spirit of this kind of settlement. A Toronto reviewer remarked that this was verse that dealt with "a backwater the world has passed by".

Yes? Something like those backwaters they call Times Square and Piccadilly. Without the traffic and the noise.

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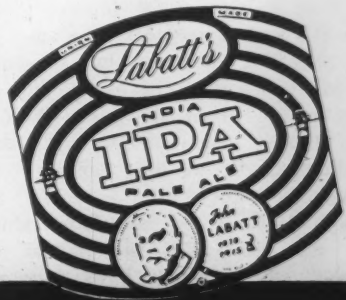


The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

The Hundred-Yard Dash

by Robertson Davies

OVER AND OVER again we hear that the reading public does not like short stories, that collections of them do not sell well, and that the magazine market for them is a shadow of itself. Is it not strange, then, that so many contemporary writers give their best energies to short stories, and that so many of these writers write admirably—might, indeed, be called masters in this form? Perhaps the case against the short story is made to seem worse than it really is; I have four volumes of short stories at hand for review this week, and if they do not all sell well the reading public is wilfully denying itself a great deal of pleasure.

Writing short stories is not simply the recreation of the novelist; the form fits a particular type of talent, which may be unsuited to the novel. Just as among runners there are men who are brilliant in the hundred-yard dash, and others who are better suited to the mile, so some writers do their best work in short spurts. A case in point is V. S. Pritchett, whose fine *Collected Stories* I have been reading. One is tempted, with some of these stories, to wish that the writer would pursue his theme at length, and explore it thoroughly. Yet when Mr. Pritchett last wrote a novel, *Mr. Béluncle,* the effect was not of one of these stories splendidly magnified, but rather of a short story which had lost its way and could not find the exit. The short story is his medium, and there are only two or three people writing in English today who can challenge him in it.

One of these is William Sansom, whose latest collection, called *A Contest of Ladies,* I have just finished. He is not so exuberant a writer as Mr. Pritchett, but he is, paradoxically, more fanciful. Such a story as *A Woman Seldom Found* is a genuine shocker because, after five pages of lulling us into a state of blissful composure, he pulls the chair from under us in six lines. This tale has already begun to go the rounds (without credit to Mr. Sansom) as a Shaggy Dog story.

Both Pritchett and Sansom are masters. For the most part they avoid those "mood" stories which have done much to bring the short story into disrepute. Not that there is anything wrong with a good mood story; in the hands of a master it can be a wonderful thing; but it is perilously easy to fake. Yet Pritchett and Sansom do not write anecdotes, which was the charge so often brought against Kipling and — not so unjustly — against lesser but still great writers of short stories like W. W. Jacobs. All their stories are explorations and evocations, as well as what Somerset Maugham likes to call "tales".

These explorations and evocations are of an England strange to many Canadian readers, for we are apt to think of English fiction as dealing either with the highly-born, highly-educated, and highly sensitive upper or intellectual class, or else with the Comic Poor. These men write of the Middle Class. And not of that Middle Class which sends its children to private schools and amuses itself with the contests in *The New Statesman,* but the middle class which operates shakily-financed back-street factories, and is zealous in the pursuit of back-street Nonconformist Christianity. Small trade and the chapel, the romantic yearnings of travelling salesmen, the workings of greed, and the innumerable shifts of those who are chronically short of money, are themes which Mr. Pritchett explores again and again, and always freshly.

Jacket Design

Yet there is nothing depressing about it. On the contrary, he understands the exhilaration of middle class life, and the passion and aspiration which can be expressed in strange faiths and business ambition. Dive into what murky pools he will, he is always on the side of life. He shows us the same people, in the same predicaments, as a hundred belly-aching proletarian writers have shown us before, but he understands them better.

There is one theme, however, which Mr. Pritchett avoids, or treats obliquely, and that is sexual passion. In his world it is a by-product of something else, as in the magnificent *Sense of Humour* which is the last of his thirty-seven stories. It is on this theme that Mr. Sansom writes best, and again he writes of it as it manifests itself in those whose passions are strong, but whose sensibilities are not over-delicate, and whose climate of thought is established by commerce and A Job. In *An Interlude* he writes of an attempt of a young English clerk on holiday to start an affair with a Spanish girl; the Englishman's idea that foreign women are all hot stuff and amenable to techniques which could not work at home, and the Spanish girl's mistrust and misunderstanding of this red-faced, noisy stranger, are brilliantly captured.

A somewhat similar theme is used, with more humour, in *Happy Holiday Abroad* in which another young Englishman seeks to make himself attractive to the girls at another Mediterranean seaside resort. And in the titlepiece of the book, *A Contest of Ladies,* he gives us a fine revelation of the emotions of a man called on to act as a judge in a beauty contest. These stories are not erotic in intention, but they are not neglectful of Eros and they do not pretend that Eros manifests himself only among the upper classes.

Welsh short stories have a flavor of their own, and it is kind of the editors of the World's Classics to give us a volume containing examples of the work of eighteen of the best Welsh writers in this form.

The range is wide. The most "literary" is Arthur Machen; the most poetic Alun Lewis; the most foreign Caradoc Evans; the most humorous Gwyn Thomas; the most fanciful Richard Hughes. Their Welshness may exhibit itself in a tortured syntax, as with Caradoc Evans, but this is rare; their real Welsh quality lies in a Celtic sharpness of vision, and an absorption with detail. Alun Lewis evokes physical passion and the feel of the countryside not by flights of rhetoric and prose poetry, but by minute attention to details of scents and sounds. Gwyn Thomas gets his comic effect by a gush of description which makes hilarious what is, in essence, sad. The Welsh have been described somewhat too often and too easily as a poetic race, and this has been taken as a suggestion that they

are vague creatures, looking at life through a beery haze politely called Celtic twilight; but their poetry now, as for a thousand years, has had its roots in a keen appreciation of textures and sights and sounds, whether these be pleasing or repellent. Without seeking to prove this point, the present collection does so conclusively.

The fourth book in this group is *The Third Ghost Book,* edited by Cynthia Asquith. As a collection of short stories it is the least good of the four, but the popularity of the series to which it belongs shows that people are eager for ghost stories. I am very fond of them myself, but the present age is not congenial to their manufacture. This book contains some good examples; one by Marghanita Laski is really distinguished, and two others by Angus Wilson and Michael Asquith are excellent. One, by Daniel George, is an odd failure by a gifted writer; a ghost story may be many things, but I have never read a good one that succeeded in being funny. A few attempt to chill us with horrors which are merely hinted at, but it takes a Henry James to hint effectively enough in this respect; we no longer take seriously the author who tells us that something is too horrible to be revealed. We insist upon making the test ourselves. Miss Laski knows how to make the flesh creep with a horror which, as in the Welsh stories, has a good, clear, physical cause. But in this group of 27 stories the general standard is good.

In the past two weeks I have read 105 short stories comprised in these collections, and I do not think that there were more than five which left me cold. At least fifty were far better written than most of the novels that come my way. If the short story is an unpopular and uneconomic form of writing today, it must be because readers do not know what they are missing. There are riches in these books.

Collected Stories, by V. S. Pritchett—pp. 406—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.

A **Contest Of Ladies,** by William Sansom—pp. 256—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.75.*

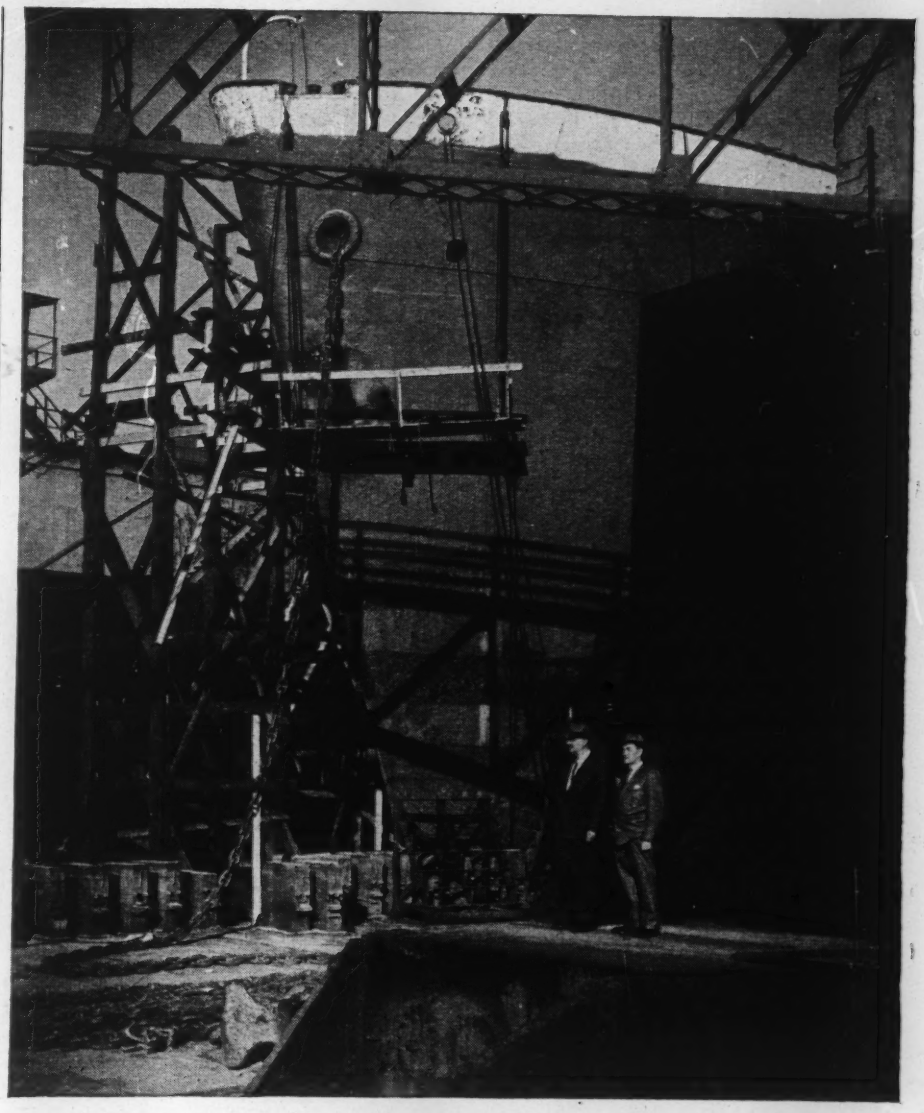
Welsh Short Stories, edited by Gwyn Jones—pp. 330—*Oxford World's Classics* —$1.25.

The Third Ghost Book, edited by Cynthia Asquith—pp. 305—*Ambassador*—$3.

Regrettable Timing

by Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Alas, when God devised his plan,
He hadn't yet created man,
And missed the fine advice the latter
Could have provided in the matter.



Royal Bank Manager Takes A Look At Shipyard's Work In Progress

This Royal Bank manager, located in an Eastern port city, likes to hear the echoing beat of the rivetting hammers, to see a steel hull taking shape. He makes a point of getting away from his desk, now and then, for a close-up look at what's going on at the yards. It's part of his job.

As a banker, the more he knows about the key industries in his area, the better. So he picks up all the facts he can — from reading reports, and talking to people, and keeping his eyes open.

In this he is no different from Royal Bank managers everywhere. These key men are always learning, and putting their knowledge to use in the service of their customers. That is one reason why the Royal Bank manager stands high as an all-round banking expert — and why the Royal is today Canada's largest bank.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

A big bank serving a big country

In slow motion: Doris Day, Daniel Gelin and James Stewart.

FILMS

Bigger, Louder and Longer

by Mary Lowrey Ross

The Man Who Knew Too Much was first made twenty years ago, by the then unknown Alfred Hitchcock. Sound was still something of a novelty, and the screen that would accommodate a whole landscape, life size, had yet to be dreamed up. Modest as it was by Vista-Vision standards, however, the old-fashioned screen gave newcomer Hitchcock all the elbow room he needed for his purposes. Most of the tricks he was to develop later were already implicit in the early film—the shrewd relation of sound to sight, the odd contrasts and disassociations, the sudden camera shot, as startling and percussive as a revolver shot, most of all the audacious speed, which left exposition, explanation and even common sense so far behind that scepticism was never able to catch up with the credulous eye.

Looking back, one can see how advantageously the limited conditions of the time worked out for Hitchcock, since they made it possible for him to concentrate, and force his audience to concentrate, on the dazzling manipulation of camera and action. Thus *Life Boat* and *Rope*, which confined themselves to a single set, were peculiarly suited to the Hitchcock method. The moving camera told the story. The actors simply corroborated it.

In the current *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, Hitchcock has the whole of VistaVision to roam round in. The story carries an American family—father, mother and small son—to Europe, North Africa, and, finally England; and for long stretches in the itinerary the famous Hitchcock touch is completely absorbed by scenery and settings. There are, to be sure, some unmistakable Hitchcock sequences—the scene in the non-conformist chapel, repeated almost exactly from the original version, with the characters intoning their suspicion and horror under cover of the hymns; the scene in the taxidermist's shop when the distracted hero (James Stewart) tries to wring espionage intelligence from a group of taxidermists placidly stuffing pumas and ocelots. These are isolated sequences however. Most of the time the material is stretched so thin over Vista-Vision and a two-hour playing time that the quality of the story becomes plainly visible and you are aware, as you never had time to be aware in the original version, that there are holes in the plot large enough to drive a team of screen-writers through.

The climax, when it comes, is rather like a Hitchcock finale filmed in slow motion. It takes place in Albert Hall, where an assassin has been stationed, his gun trained on the foreign premier who is there to enjoy the concert. But the concert goes on practically endlessly, while the camera moves from the assassin's gun to its target, to the waiting cymbals that are to give the signal, to the soprano section in full cry, to Doris Day crouched in the doorway watching gun, target, cymbals. It goes on so long in fact that sound takes precedence over sight, and the movie-goer, who has come to watch a quiet assassination, feels betrayed and indignant at having to sit and listen to a noisy cantata.

Everything in the new version is bigger, louder, brighter and longer than in the original and this is almost entirely to Director Hitchcock's disadvantage. His talent and approach demand a stage to themselves and tend to dwindle among distractions.

That Certain Feeling, screen version of the Broadway success *The King of Hearts*, stars Bob Hope, a comedian who flourishes on distractions. He is a comic-strip artist in his latest film, and the distractions include Eva Marie Saint as his ex-wife, George Sanders as his windy rival, and Pearl Bailey as a singing maid, together with a tearful orphan, the largest sheepdog ever screened and a windup, based on Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* show, that tosses everything together like a giant mixmaster. Like all its predecessors it is typical Bob Hope comedy, exactly up to standard.

Giant mixmaster: Pearl Bailey, Bob Hope and Eva Marie Saint.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"THAT's my share!" declared Pam, putting some coins on the table. Having seen the check, she had merely divided the amount by the number of boys and girls in their party.

It was really very easy to share the cost equally among them all, but Jack had other ideas. "Okay, Pam," he said, "but you didn't have to pay." He added some coins to Pam's little lot. "Now I guess we boys will share the rest of it equally, and so that's my quota."

But some of them weren't standing for that. "Girls pay their way today," laughed Gwen. She glanced at the check. "We'll accept what you've both paid, but all the rest of us will share the balance and that'll be 33¢ each." This seemed to meet with general approval, and so the exact amount was made up.

Of course it was a lot of fuss about a comparatively trivial amount — something between $4.00 and $4.25, I understand— but Jack was certainly right in principle. Perhaps you can figure out how many boys and girls there were in that little party. (28)

Answer on Page 34.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

FRANK J. MARSHALL, U.S. champion 1909 to 1936, joined problem lovers at the Franklin chess club in Philadelphia in 1916, on a test to solve eight difficult two-movers in 20 minutes. The winner was the author of No. 146 below. No expert at solving, Marshall took 19 minutes to crack four. Actually he was on hand for a simultaneous exhibition.

Grandmaster S. Reshsvsky once claimed he could solve any two-mover in two minutes, any three-mover in three minutes and so on up. He made good on a brief test up to four-movers.

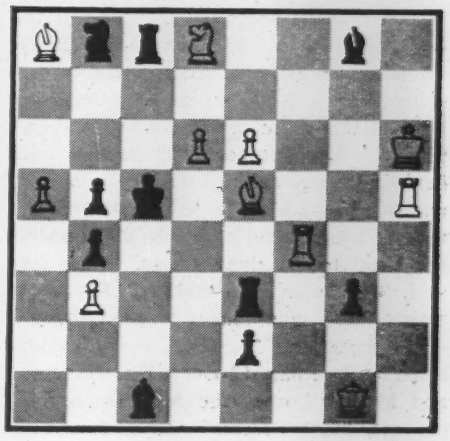
Solution of Problem No. 145.

1.R-K3, RxR; 2.BxR, etc. 1.R-K3, B-B3; 2.Q-Kt4ch, etc. 1.R-K3, B-B6; 2.RxP, etc. 1.R-K3, B-Kt7; 2.B-B3, etc. 1.R-K3, B-R8; 2.R-K1, etc. 1.R-K3, B-B4; 2.R-K7, etc. 1.R-K3, P-B4; 2.Q-K5, etc.

The threat is 2.RxB mate, a short mate. The Kt prevents a "cook" by 1.RxR, Kt-B2! 1.RxKtP is met only by R-R5.

Problem No. 146, by F. E. Godfrey.

White mates in two.



Merrily We'll Roll

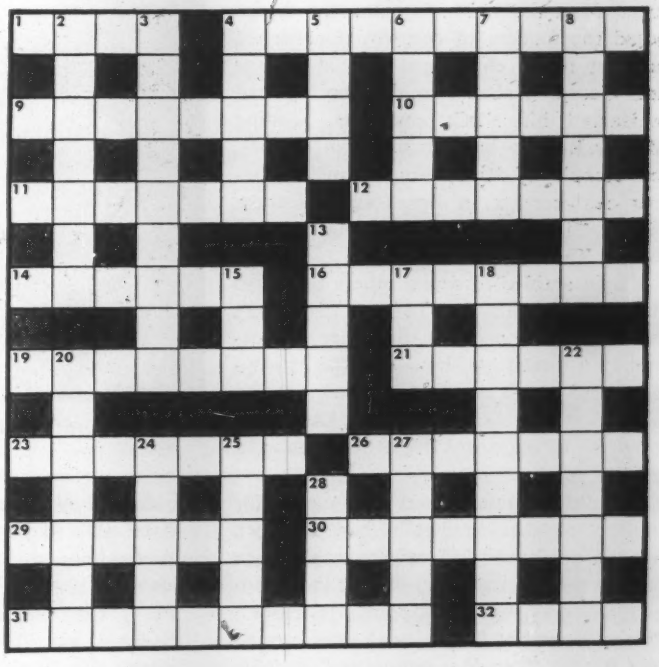
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 See 31
4 Boathouses should, including this variety. (10)
9, 10 The crabs grin so crookedly at sea, according to Tennyson. (8, 3, 3)
11 What junk they sail in! (7)
12 There's a questionable sea-chanty about this sailor. He'd been too long in 10, no doubt. (7)
14 To marry, slip over to the Church of England. (6)
16 If this means of conveyance gave rear-end trouble, the driver had to face it. (8)
19 But it wasn't with this that Mussolini gave his "stab in the back". (8)
21 Tom set them to be sung. (6)
23 You may be during a rough 9. Why bring that up! (7)
26 One can't say his ship never flags! (7)
29 He has no business with bare legs. (6)
30 Dressing for dinner, like Popeye's girl. (5, 3)
31, 7, 1 Seventy years before the mast? (1, 4, 2, 3, 5, 4)
32 It will come from the sea's tempestuous pounding. (4)

DOWN

2 To do this, we suppose, one must open all the port-holes. (7)
3 Must be what an agitated sea lets in! (9)
4 Sail around on the end of a launch when it storms. (5)
5 Purged, but no D.P.! (4)
6 How to get on in the theatre. (5)
7 See 31
8 Horn in on Red tars. (7)
13 He's first and last a son to keep in line. (5)
15 You also do this for a change at 22 when there's a mite left. (3)
17, 28 Tramp steamer? (3-4)
18 Ours tired of prancing attendance. (9)
20 Fret over lubrication at the cloverleaf? (7)
22 A drink? Bring it up to me between meals. (7)
24 Skiing at Banff begins and ends as a craft. (5)
25 They say it killed the cat? Well, not quite! (5)
27 An effort to raise money would be nonsense at fifty. (5)
28 See 17.



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1, 31 A Farewell to Arms
6, 4 Right Wheel
10 Sundae
11 Bowsprit
12 Strolls
13 Resists
15 Eta
17 Sweet potato
21 January thaw
22 See 16
24 Doorman
26 Clamors
30 Reagents
31 See 1
32 Dante
33 Grapeshot

DOWN

2 Faust
3 Red hot
4 See 6
5 Lobe
7 Imprints
8 Hoist
9 Sweetpea
14 Rests
16, 22, 19 Tea for two
18 War paint
19 See 16
20 Outright
23 Smears
25 Omega
27 Lit up
28 Romeo
29 Yser (395)

The Nicest Guy on TV

by Hugh Garner

SEVERAL YEARS ago, at a gathering of the Como family in Canonsburg, Pa., Perry Como's brothers and sisters tried to explain to his mother the successes her son had attained. Lucia Como listened patiently as one brother after another told her of the huge sales of her son's records, and of the big bang he had made on television. She listened carefully and nodded her head to all these things. Then she said, "Any man who makes $75 a week steady—that man makes a good living".

On September 17, 1955, Perry Como, aided by Rosemary Clooney, Frankie Lane, and Marian Lorne (the Mrs. Gurney of the old "Mr. Peepers" show) launched himself into that limbo spot on Saturday evening TV, the hour opposite Jackie Gleason. To most critics, including this one, it seemed like a good way to commit entertainment hara-kiri. Gleason had emerged from the 1954-55 season the undisputed top banana of comedy, approached but not really challenged by Sid Caesar and George Gobel. On the way he had massacred his NBC opposition, sending Mickey Rooney back to the bush leagues, and completely demolishing Rooney's summer replacement, a long-forgotten show called "The Soldiers", starring an unknown TV actor, Hal March.

Como ambled in where others feared to tread, and with the help of Gleason's swelled-headed decision to change his format to a filmed half-hour of "The Honeymooners" and a so-so stage show for the remaining half hour, began to knock the king-pin of comedy from his high and mighty perch.

He did it quietly and without undue fanfare, considering that he had just been handed a 12-year $15 million contract to put the show across. Before long thousands of viewers were skipping Gleason's "Stage Show" at 8 p.m., and only turning to CBS for "The Honeymooners" at 8.30. During last fall their numbers increased into millions, and many of them—more than half in fact—began to keep their dials set to the NBC channel during the full hour that Como was on the air.

By February of this year the Perry Como show had a first half-hour rating of 29.5, against 15.9 for "Stage Show", and a 25.4 rating opposite Gleason, to Gleason's 25.1. On the whole hour the Como show had a healthy seven-point lead. In an attempt to counteract this, Gleason moved "The Honeymooners" ahead to 8 p.m., but was unable to change the ratings.

To analyse the success of the Perry Como show it is best to analyse first its star, the 44-year-old vocal descendant of early radio's Russ Columbo. Although Como told an interviewer that he "was tired of reading how relaxed I am", his easy approach to his job tends to relax the whole show, and the viewers as well. Television has been long on the spoken word and short on music ever since its beginning, and the viewer occasionally

Perry Como: Better than $75 a week.

likes to get away from crime and family situation shows, cowboys and comedians, and be able to lie back and listen to an unpretentious guy singing an unpretentious song.

Perry Como is an affable fellow with the same wife he had in 1933, three children, 16, 10 and 9, and not an enemy in the world. He doesn't act like one of TV's top entertainers, on stage or off, and his friendliness to his cast and crew shows through the television screen. Even before this season's NBC deal he made Monday-Wednesday-Friday 15-minute TV shows, and records. He only cuts a couple of records a year, but nearly every one of them becomes a hit. He could quite easily earn more money, but in answer to why he doesn't he says, "What else could I buy?"

Perry was born to Pietro and Lucia Como, Italian immigrants, May 18, 1912 in Canonsburg, Pa., a coal-mining town. At the age of 15, he had his own after-school barber shop, along with two assistants, giving haircuts, shaves and song. In those days before the Depression he was earning a net profit of $125 a week, and on graduation from high school he moved into an established and growing barber business.

On a two-week vacation to Cleveland, Perry auditioned for a small Ohio dance band, Freddy Carlone's. He did it more on the urgings of his friends than from a real desire to get into showbusiness. He was surprised a few weeks later when Carlone wired him a request to join the band immediately. Perry looked around at his barber shop, thought of the uncertainty of the musical business, remembered there was a depression on—and signed up with the band at $28 a week.

After two years in the Cleveland area with the Carlone band, he joined Ted Weems and his orchestra as a vocalist, this time at $50 a week. With Weems he began a long series of cross-country one-night stands, made his radio debut and saw his name go on the Weems' records as "vocalist". The band appeared on Broadway, at the New York Strand, on a bill featuring the "oomph" girl of the late 'thirties, Ann Sheridan. He felt that he was on his way to the real big time.

However, in 1942 the Ted Weems orchestra broke up, and Perry, who had left his wife and hometown sweetheart, Roselle Bellini, back in Canonsburg with their two-year-old son, returned to take up his former trade.

Como was negotiating a lease for a new store when General Artists made him a promising offer—his own radio show at $100 a week and an RCA Victor recording contract. His wife persuaded him to accept, by saying, "You can always get another barber shop if it doesn't work out".

It worked out. He stopped the show nightly at New York's Versailles and Copacabana night clubs and caused traffic jams in Times Square when he played the Paramount. His records also began to click, and in 1945 he had his first big hit, "Till The End of Time", the first of nine or ten Como records that were to top the million sales mark. Today his record sales are more than four million annually.

In 1944 he appeared in movies, first in *Something For the Boys* with Phil Silvers and Carmen Miranda, and later in *Doll Face, If I'm Lucky* and *Words and Music*. That same year he appeared on NBC radio as star of "The Chesterfield Supper Club", which was heard over the network until 1950. During the last two years of this period it was also being simulcast on NBC-TV. Between 1950 and 1955 Como appeared on a weekly TV show for the

same sponsors, but carried over CBS.

Como objects when people look upon him as being almost too angelic for show-business. "I get as mad as the next guy," he says, "but I don't believe in sounding off. People would say, 'Look at the star! Who does he think he is?' When I get mad I go off by myself."

Although he and Jackie Gleason are locked in a battle of ratings, they are former neighbors, and remain good friends. Como gets along with everyone, but he seems particularly fond of Gleason. On his part, Jackie Gleason says, "Como can take care of the ones who like singing, I'll take care of the comedy."

The younger male vocalists, never noted for singing the praises of another, all admire Perry Como. Eddie Fisher, who likes Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra too, says, "Perry is the greatest of them all. His personal life is conducted better than anyone else's. He has found the secret of life." And Julius La Rosa, who was a vacation replacement for Como last summer, says, "The first time I met Perry, I was one of a mob of Navy boys. The second time, I was an aspiring young singer. Both times Perry was the same. He gives everyone the respect due all human beings."

When asked about himself, Como either evades the subject or answers, "I don't want to be a *select* singer; I'd rather be in the department-store-basement class. My family life is the way I want it too. Take my mother, for instance; she can't conceive of the money I make. We do things for her and she cries, 'You spent too much!' A couple of Christmases ago she couldn't go out, so she sent us $6 to buy presents for our three children. It sounds corny, I know, but that's what makes me the way I am."

Being a nice guy doesn't win television ratings any more than it wins ball games, but Perry Como is a showman too. Not only has he Bing Crosby's relaxed attitude before the cameras, "as if I just happened by to sing", as he puts it, but he also has more talent as an m.c. than any crooner since Rudy Vallee.

His choice of acts for his show was good to excellent all season long, and his program had continuity and smoothness, sometimes badly needed by both Gleason's "Stage Show" and "The Ed Sullivan Show". In 1929 it was America's first crooner, Rudy Vallee, who changed the listening habits of North America by introducing the first variety show to radio, and Perry Como has already furthered television's swing to this type of program.

Though it is hardly likely that Perry Como will ever have to go back to barbering, he keeps in practice by still shaving with his old straight razor. He's carried it with him since his Canonsburg days.

Jean Gascon, daughter Marie and Denyse Saint-Pierre, before "Le Mariage Forcé".

PERSONA GRATA

Triumph for Quebec

by Harry Rasky

AS ANY SCHOOLBOY will report, ever since 1759 and the battle of the Plains of Abraham, Canada has had a problem. Two distinct language groups were suddenly tossed together and both knew they had to live with each other or perish. What has always emerged has been a living *beside*, rather than *with*.

The chief problem: a real ignorance of the other side. Outside of English-speaking Canadians who live in the province of Quebec, and some others in smaller centres such as St. Boniface, Man., there has been, in fact, little mixing of the two distinct language groups. A man can live his life in Toronto and never hear French spoken or meet a French-Canadian. He tolerates the French on his daily dollar bills, and accepts a French-Canadian prime minister in the same manner he disregards the red, French type on his morning box of cereal.

And the French-Canadian of Quebec City could also pass a pleasant life without hearing the harsh sound of English. He has his own books, magazines, papers, radio and television. And he will argue: why should he learn English if the other Canadians make such a feeble try to know his language in what is a bi-lingual country? The result: ignorance and its close partner, prejudice.

The visitor to Canada has always been surprised by the two distinct pockets of culture. Among them was a slim, soft-spoken Englishman named Michael Langham who inherited Tyrone Guthrie's directorial job at Canada's Stratford. His immediate comment in contemplating something new there was: why not invite French-Canadian actors to participate in this year's festival?

Indeed, why not? The French actors were maturing rapidly in an entirely different stage technique. Outside of Chaplin-like Gratien Gelinas, who is a universal type, most French-speaking actors were unknown outside of their own province. Their superior brand of acting is seen regularly on the CBC, but oddly enough, the fascinating French sound apparently requires some kind of export passport—the CBC doesn't seem to allow it across the provincial boundaries.

Most important, the French Canadians lacked an international showplace such as Stratford. The invitation was accepted with thanks. Now few would quarrel with the result—a new kind of Stratford, and a more representative indication of what all Canada can do.

Outside of Gelinas, who is now a senior statesman of French-Canadian theatre, the chief spokesman and perhaps leader of the French group is 33-year-old Jean Gascon, an excellent actor, and director of *Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde*. If anything, he and his group are surprised that something like this year's Stratford has not happened earlier. He says, "After all, in the theatre there is only one family".

The work of the French group, most of them from Gascon's *Le Théâtre du*

Take a Second Look . . .

No matter where your vacation takes you, Canada's natural beauty is close at hand . . . rivers, trees, prairies, mountains. But behind that beauty is the waterpower, the pulp, the lumber, the minerals, the grain . . . yes, and the factories, too, that the enterprise . . . and the savings of many, many people have moulded into one of the world's great agricultural and industrial countries.

Canada is rich in natural resources . . . probably richer than any of us dreams. While these resources have been here for ages it really has been only within the lifetime of most of us that the savings of Canadians have been used in their development. People of other countries have helped, of course . . . but Canadians may take pride in knowing that it primarily has been their own savings . . . and their own ingenuity that have been responsible.

But getting back to your vacation, we would like to make a suggestion . . . after you admire the beauty of the country take time for a second look . . . take time to realize what the real natural wealth of this country means to you and to every other Canadian. If you do, we think you may get just as enthusiastic as we are about the soundness of Canadian investment.

When you get home, you may want information on some situation which has caught your imagination, or perhaps some assistance in drawing up a program of diversified Canadian investment. If so, we can help you. This is your invitation to write us or to drop in to any of our offices.

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OWEN SOUND QUEBEC BOSTON, MASS.

Nouveau Monde, was the most unanimously praised by the New York critics. They found that Henry V, till now a St. George and the Dragon story, emerged as a real battle of two very different but equally challenging peoples. Walter Kerr of the *New York Herald Tribune* wrote of the war scenes that it was like "whole armies feeling their way toward battle with radically different sets of nerves".

If the French impressed the critics with their smaller roles in *Henry V*, they scored complete victory when working in their own language. (Although they spent long strenuous hours of rehearsal attempting to capture the proper intonations in Shakespearean verse, their chief glory was in their bold movements.) In presenting three Molière farces they could show that the audiences hadn't, really, seen anything yet. In four afternoon performances at the Avon Theatre in Stratford, they moved with the humor of the Marx brothers, and the delicacy of ballet dancers. At times their bodies hung limp like rag dolls as the bones seemed to vanish, and at others the gestures were as subtle as painter's brush-strokes.

Said Toronto's three daily paper critics, cheering like one ". . . a remarkable revelation of the daring and ingenuity which characterizes *Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde*". . . . "a masterpiece"..

No one was more relieved at the cries of delight at the performance and the shouts of "Bravo" at curtain time than Gascon. Like the others present, he knew something important had happened, that hot afternoon at Stratford, for theatre and for Canada. Not only would English audiences accept his French group at their own language game, but they hollered for more. "I am sure," says Gascon, "in a few years it will be common for French actors to play in all parts of the country."

The man who has brought this kind of healing medicine west, almost became a doctor in fact. After completing a medical course and four years of internship at the University of Montreal, Jean quit to devote all his time to the stage. His parents were surprised but did not object. In a family of the Gascon size, with 14 children ("I think I was about sixth"), anything can happen.

Gascon's training has been in the best French traditions. Having played in many amateur groups, including the famous clergy-trained *Compagnons de Saint-Laurent*, from 1942 to 1946 he worked with the well-known Madame Ludmilla Pitoeff in Montreal. His husky voice and powerful stage presence were soon noticed, and in 1946 he received a scholarship in dramatic art from the French government. In France, he studied at *L'Ecole du Vieux-Colombier* and at Julien Bertheau's, and then appeared in many French professional productions.

When he returned to Canada, he knew that it was time to be bold. Along with his friends Jean-Louis Roux, André Gascon, Guy Hoffman, and Mark Drouin, he formed *Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde*. Presenting the plays at Montreals' intimate *Gesu* Theatre, they have tackled everything from Chekov to Molière. In Guy Hoffman, whose plumpish stature gives him a Jackie Gleason look, the company has a comic of remarkable dexterity and intelligence.

Last summer, Gascon lead his troop to the Paris festival, with the same Molière farces. It was a daring thing to do, to bring the French their own playwright and perform his works in a new style, which could only emerge from the youthful spirit of Canada. The French audiences were almost as enthusiastic as the players who moved about the stage with the same spirit that surges through a backwoods square dance party. When the *Globe and Mail's* Herb Whittaker saw the performances at Stratford, he commented: "The three Molière farces lend themselves brilliantly to the kind of vaudeville performance at which the Montrealers excel. One got the impression that every trick of the comic theatre used since Molière's day had been lovingly worked in."

Jean personally directed one, and supervised and appeared in all. And the Gascon family was well represented. His eldest daughter played the part of a beautiful boy, his brother Gabriel a leading role, and his wife filled in as a gypsy dancer.

For Jean Gascon, once almost a doctor, there is no life outside of the theatre. He is a dedicated actor and director. As he talks he heaves his five-foot eleven-inch, 162-pound body in expressive gestures. His voice has that gentle shrug that is common to French-Canadians as he says, "My ambition is to realize what is in my heart—to be better, to go further, to be all my life a sincere man in theatre".

His sinserity has brought him the admiration of the other actors at Stratford, both English and French. Tireless Gelinas, a spectator, could not contain his joy at opening performances, referring to "his brother". Gascon has turned down many television and radio parts to advance his theatrical adventure. So far, he has kept it in the black. Like others in theatre he wishes for government help. He says, "I hope the government will understand to help". With the look of a man in a hurry he continues, "We are a young country and our economic growth is advancing rapidly. We do not want to be behind in the theatre. We must not lose time."

Certainly the French presence at Stratford has given actors from both sides of the provincial boundary a new respect and admiration for each other.

BUSINESS

Time Study: The Hated Profession

by Geoffrey Ashe

IN MOST Canadian factories—and nowadays not only in factories—careful observation will pick out a somewhat puzzling figure. He is young, probably under thirty-five, and quite well dressed. He walks about with an air of purpose and derivative authority, yet he never seems to do any work, and the foremen and workmen dislike him a good deal more than they dislike Authority itself. Union journalists assail and deride him; but he keeps on appearing.

The clue to this person's occupation lies in the little board which he carries. It is a kind of miniature drawing-board with a clip for holding paper. It may or may not have a second clip, of more elaborate design, for holding a stopwatch. Anyhow, the board is his basic implement. On the papers affixed to it he writes down descriptions of jobs, and various data which are supposed to indicate how long each of the jobs should take. That is what he is paid for, at a salary about 50 per cent higher than the average worker's wage in the plant.

His profession, of course, is Time Study or (to use the less odious term now becoming fashionable) Work Study. Those who wish to insult him call him an Efficiency Expert; those who wish to dignify him call him an Industrial Engineer. This last title suggests that he is an engineer in the full professional sense—a graduate. He may be, but the chances are that he isn't, and there is some doubt as to whether he ought to be. At Ford of Canada, personnel analysis recently proved that the graduate engineer who makes good in time study is rather exceptional. The more usual story is that a bright, inquiring young man with slight engineering qualifications drifts into it and afterwards rises in his organization through the experience he picks up.

Still, time study today is a fairly reputable technique. Seventy years from its first use in the American steel industry, it has become—if not a science—at any rate an embryo science, like Renaissance astronomy. A Canadian, Ralph Presgrave, is among its greatest exponents, though Canadian industry in general lags behind that of the U.S. in its application.

A modern factory has about one time-study man per 200 employees. His daily routine has a curiously haphazard air, because of his ambiguous status: he is neither a Worker nor a Boss. His regular procedure is simply to wander out on to the plant floor and look at jobs. He has a prescribed ritual for consulting the supervisor and introducing himself to the worker, but the people concerned are often too busy and too resentful to allow more than the curtest of ceremonies.

These once completed, our friend takes up his stand near the chosen worker, and

Sorting: Psychological problem.

writes a description of the job. He breaks it down into elements—"pick up part", "load drill", "start motor", for example. When satisfied that he knows what the job involves, he starts timing it, element by element, until the worker has executed the whole cycle fifteen or twenty times, giving perhaps a hundred or more elemental watch-readings. From these, with adjustments to compensate for obviously abnormal performance on the victim's part, it is possible to piece together a "standard time" which the job "ought" to require.

After calculating the standard time, the observer adds on a percentage allowance which is supposed to provide for interruptions and accidents and personal needs. He writes the standard on a form and passes it to the clerks, who make whatever disposition is to be made of it.

This varies. To begin with, Management can use time study for setting output standards, and these in turn have three functions. If a worker can reasonably be expected to bore a hole or rivet a plate or assemble a switch 100 times in an hour, it may be good business to pay him proportionately extra for doing it 105 or 110 or 120 times. That is the principle of piecework incentives. But without time study there would be no sound method of fixing the basic quota. There would be endless disputes, abuses, and inequalities.

When piecework was introduced in Stalinist Russia, the wildest disagreements arose, and Soviet output quotas have always jumped up and down (mostly up) in a manner hardly calculated to give the worker a sense of security. A private inquiry which I once made to the Communist Dyson Carter extracted the statement, manifestly intended as praise, that the Russians have never employed the stopwatch. If this is correct, it may explain a great deal. Output quotas based on guesswork can easily be changed in harmony with political dictates or with the latest achievement of some far-away Stakhanovite in a similar job. To do the Russians justice, their accelerated industrial revolution made standard-setting a far more tricky affair than it is in the West, where conditions are more stable.

The second use of output standards is to measure the efficiency of a worker, department, or plant. But "efficiency" is a naughty word; let us say, then, the performance level. A department which can be reasonably expected to turn out 1,000 valves a day and does in fact turn out 900, has a performance level of 90 per cent. Accordingly, a complete set of standards enables a plant manager to spot trouble. If all his departments except one are running at 90 per cent, and the lame duck at 60, he knows which supervisor to send for.

Thirdly, the standards can be applied

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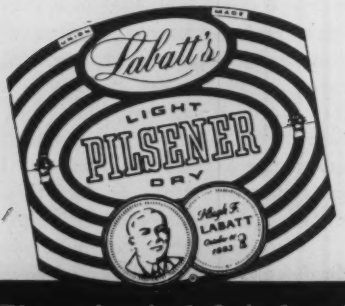


The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

in deploying labor. If Process A can be expected to turn out 40 parts per man per hour, and these parts go to Process B where one man can handle 120 per hour, it is logical to put three men on A for every man on B. Otherwise one process will have to wait for the other.

Time study also has its "methods" aspect. Every qualified observer is told to keep his eyes open while studying a job and note possibilities for improving it.

It may have occurred to you that the real subject-matter of time study is the actual human worker, and hence that if a process is entirely mechanical there is no point in studying it. This is true, by and large. The dawning Age of Automation is threatening to squeeze time study out, because the pace of an automatic process is built right into the mechanism. The jobs done by human beings in automated plants won't repeat over and over like the present-day mass-production job, and therefore won't lend themselves to the stopwatch technique.

What will these jobs be like; and will they leave any room for time study?

It looks as if they will fall into two classes. Unskilled and semi-skilled human workers will still be needed for what is called "indirect" labor—cleaning, oiling, routine maintenance, and so forth. Here the stopwatch may still apply after a fashion. It is one of the industrial discoveries of recent years that indirect labor can be time-studied. For example, you can set a standard for sweeping floors: such-and-such a fraction of a minute per square foot. At the Ford plant in Windsor most of the janitor services have been brought under scrutiny in this way.

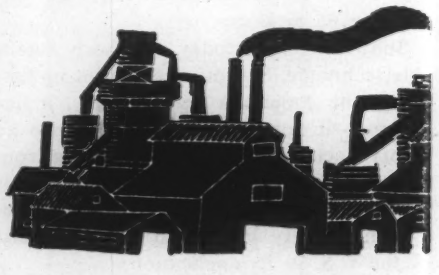
But the more skilful workers in the automated plant will concern themselves with control functions. They will walk up and down pressing buttons, manipulating data-processing systems of the IBM type, feeding tape and punched cards into machines. In such fields the stopwatch will be practically irrelevant. Yet the time element will still matter.

Imagine the automated plant as a present reality. Work still has to be distributed, equipment still has to be designed. How fast can we expect a technician to make his rounds? Should we give him a helper? What arrangement of his complex controls will be the quickest to handle? How long will it take him to feed information on to a tape or a card, using a given keyboard? Can we improve the keyboard? If he has to carry a large mass of detail in his head, how fast can we expect him to recollect and react in a situation that requires delicate timing? Automation will undoubtedly make such demands, and the time question will persist even though the stopwatch recedes. The time study of the future will need to approach human behavior much more subtly and on a much broader front.

A major step has been taken by several consulting firms (Toronto's Woods and Gordon is one) which have tried to replace the stopwatch with copyrighted systems of pre-determined motion times. They teach engineers to analyse a pattern of behavior into basic motions and set a standard for it by looking up reasonable time values for the basic motions in a reference list. The consulting firm supplies the list. Standards set in this way do in practice turn out quite well, and the systems are enlarging their scope to take in such elusive activities as reading and remembering. The absence of the detestable watch proves an asset in disarming resentment on the worker's part. Pre-determined systems, and the mode of approach they represent, will probably do something to keep time study alive in the automatic plant, as a technique for analysing, distributing, and streamlining the human jobs.

In one respect at any rate, Canada is taking the lead. Two years ago the Post Office Department instituted a work-study program based almost entirely on pre-determined motion times. It turned out that the mental process involved in letter-sorting did not seem to be fully accounted for by known methods. Most orthodox engineers would have dismissed the obstacle, or thrown in some arbitrary allowance to handle it. The postal investigators did not. They took the problem to the University of Toronto's Psychology Department.

A pilot-study of different types of sorting, made under the aegis of Professor A. H. Shephard, proved of amazing interest—not only industrially but scientifically. Further experiments now projected in Toronto may help to open the way to a fairer, more comprehensive analysis of work, while at the same time furnishing the psychologists with fresh insights into the mental organism. Whatever the eventful results, that gesture of partnership is a solid achievement. It is through this sort of expansion that the time-study man, or industrial engineer or whatever you want to call him, stands the best chance of hanging on without becoming a deservedly damned obscurantist.



Miles of Hot Dogs

One of Sam's pals, TV comic Sid Silvers, said "Showbusiness applied to business helps you to be successful. After all, sales promotion is a kind of showbusiness." This super-salesman has accepted it as his code of operation.

No matter how you look at it, it's still an awful lot of hot dogs.

There are different ways of computing the output of Sam Shopsowitz's brand new, heavily-mechanized production plant in Toronto. Someone with a slide-rule suggested that if all the frankfurters turned out in a week were laid end to end the distance would be 94.7 miles. Someone else, with adding machine at the ready, counted 600,000 wieners a week. No matter how you figure it, for a man who started out with a corner delicatessen, it's still a lot of hot dogs.

Today, as well as the all-beef hot dog, there are 25 different products, ranging from bottled dill pickles to a mushroom meat loaf, which bear the *Shopsy* label. And each package, tin or bottle, proudly sports the regal crest of the hot dog king, a pleasant, puffed-cheek face — an etching of Sam Shopsowitz himself.

Sam Shopsowitz

It's often been said that Sam is his own best advertisement. Blue-eyed, albino-fair, he stands a not-unusual five feet ten inches, but pushes the scale at a mighty 293 pounds. Few have devoted as much time to, or have as much respect for, the ancient art of eating.

Sam's knowledge of food facts has been handed down to him in the best father-to-son tradition. His grandparents ran a restaurant in Poland. His parents, Harry and Jenny Shopsowitz, were bequeathed the family formulas. Soon after they arrived in Canada, they set up a delicatessen on Toronto's Spadina Avenue, in the heart of what was then the European section of the city. It was known along the street for its pure white walls and its juicy two-for-fifteen-cent pastrami sandwiches. Its reputation spread among show people because of its late hours. As Sam recalls, "We used to stay open as long as there was a customer alive". Since that time it has been a mecca for visiting celebrities.

Sam's chief interest was in music and sports. He studied music at the Royal Conservatory of Music, but used to help out in the store after classes, as did his two brothers. He moved from concertos to corned beef. When his father became ill and then died, Sam left Bach and Beethoven for hot dogs and cokes. While old-timers in the delicatessen trade scoffed, his younger brother and he decided to try the wholesale side of the business. His plan was to put his all-beef wieners in grocery stores. The country's major packing houses were his competitors. And his product caught on.

Today, the word Shopsy (a condensation of the name Shopsowitz) is a synonym for hot dog in Ontario. He is expanding into Quebec and by next year Sam hopes to have his products on sale in the United States. Although it is now a million dollar business, there is still much of the old family tradition in the Shopsowitz empire.

All things possible are white — one wall of the now-modern delicatessen, all Shopsy trucks, and even Sam's Cadillac convertible. Coffee at his retail outlet is served black. (Kosher laws forbid the serving of milk with meat.) And most of all, the Spadina eating-place is still a haven for visiting stage people. The walls are lined with photos of Sam and famous celebrities.

Many is the time he has broken bread (stuffed with rich Shopsy corned beef) with Jimmy Durante. He visits each year with Victor Borge. (Once Borge phoned from Boston just to say Edward G. Robinson would be dropping up for a sandwich.) Danny Kaye stood on a table top in Lindy's in New York to holler a greeting once. Even Lassie is a devoted friend and customer.

A family man, he lives in a comfortable Forest Hill home, with his wife and three children. It's not uncommon to find him in his library, a hi-fi set blaring from one side, a TV set on with the sound off, and a telephone in his hand as one of his many friends calls long distance to tell him the latest joke that is making the rounds. The conversation often ends with, "I'll be up for a hot dog later".

Ask your investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND No. 46

United Grain Growers Limited

Class "A" Shares

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared a dividend at the rate of 5% on the paid-up par value of Class "A" (Preferred) Shares (par value $20.00 each).

This dividend will be paid on or about September 1, 1956, to holders of such shares of record at the close of business on Saturday, July 28, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

D. G. MILLER,
Secretary.

July 16, 1956,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable September 14 to Shareholders of record August 17, 1956.

By Order of the Board.

C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
July 16, 1956

How did you go about raising funds to take care of your recent plant expansion?

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Bailey Selburn

Is Bailey Selburn a good investment for a widow with limited means?—D. P., Lindsay, Ont.

No. We could hardly class Bailey Selburn as suitable for a "widow with limited means". This oil and gas company does not yet pay dividends on its voting stock (class A and B). Its preferred stock might be considered suitable, since this $25 par stock pays $1 a year in dividends. However, it is currently trading at about $35, resulting in a low return of about 3 per cent. The attraction of the preferred is that it is convertible in A shares. But the low return would leave out a person with limited means.

This is another example of the type of conflict that arises in putting money to work. Except for the fact that the investor in this case is obviously concerned with reasonably-assured income, Bailey Selburn might have been an attractive vehicle.

Bailey Selburn's attraction currently is its widespread interests in oil and particularly gas. Here is another company that has had to hold back on gas development because of a lack of markets. But now that the Trans-Canada gas line is being built, Bailey Selburn and other firms with gas potential will likely step out in a big way to develop gas reserves. The Trans-Canada line opens up a completely new future for the western Canadian oil and gas industry.

That's probably the big reason behind the recent heavy buying of Bailey Selburn shares by European and U.S. investors. The class A stock recently broke through to a new high of $16.50 and has almost doubled in price this year.

But that kind of capital gain doesn't help our investor with limited means. For he never knows when the whole market can turn around and what looked like a terrific buy suddenly becomes a bad loser. The value and prospects may remain but the market doesn't necessarily always reflect them. "Widow with limited means" can't afford to take the chance for a fat capital appreciation ten years from now.

Canadian Oil

Why isn't Canadian Oil moving up with the other big oil companies?—C. C., London, Ont.

As a matter of fact, it has moved up fairly sharply since you wrote. Within a week the stock climbed about $4 to about $28. This last of the Canadian-owned integrated oil companies has embarked on a major expansion program which has carried it into the western Canada oil fields in an effort to become a major producer

as well as a refiner and merchandiser.

Undoubtedly, it faces stiff competition from bigger companies, but this year it has reported higher sales and earnings in common with the rest of the oil industry.

One of the interesting facets of its recent jump in market price is that the buying has come from Europe. Brokers report heavy demand from Paris and London houses and there is considerable speculation that an international oil company is eyeing it as a potential Canadian subsidiary.

On the other hand, the buying may simply be based on a feeling that the company has been undervalued in relation to other Canadian oil firms. As a Canadian-owned operation it does not attract the glamor of an Imperial Oil that is owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey or of a British American Oil, controlled by international giant Gulf Oil.

Shirriff-Horsey

Do you feel that Shirriff-Horsey has growth possibilities?—F. W. M., Toronto.

Yes. If only because it is in the food business in Canada, this organization can be considered as having growth possibilities. We have heard much about expanding population in recent years and expected future population growth. More people mean more consumers of food.

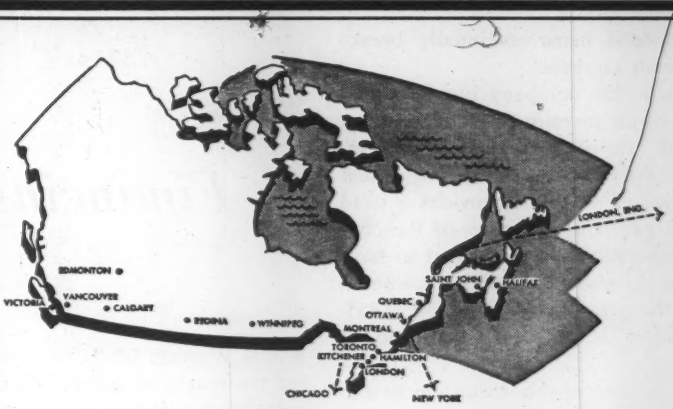
Admittedly, Canadians in recent years have tended to spend a major proportion of their income for such heavy items as cars while tending to cut down proportionately on some other items. But in the food industry they have changed their habits so that more and more packaged food products are being sold in relation to fresh-food items. Prepared cake mixes, frozen juices and many other pre-cooked lines are the labor-saving devices for the housewife.

Shirriff-Horsey has pioneered many items in these fields. The old Shirriff company was faced with a problem of hitting hard at the national market. Now with its merger with the J. William Horsey Corp. and a transfusion of fresh management techniques and money, the combined company is in a position to expand its efforts rapidly.

Late last year, after 72 years of merchandising food lines, the Shirriff firm merged with the Horsey organization, which was in the frozen juice business. These combined companies resulted in five subsidiaries which cater to ice cream manufacturers and soda fountains, sell food products in the sterling area, process and sell frozen shrimp, market citrus products in the U.S. and in Canada.

Recently an additional three firms were added to the organization. These Montreal firms manufacture and sell hard candy, toffee, nuts, cocoa and cocoa products.

The result: an ever-broadening line of



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established food items continually breaking into fresh markets.

Meanwhile, the company has an added attraction as an investment-grade security. A dividend rate of 50 cents a year is indicated on the common stock. At present market price of $10, this provides a yield of about 5 per cent. Earnings of the consolidated operations are estimated to have been equal to about 84 cents a common share in the year ended Sept. 30, 1955. This indicates a price-earnings ratio of about 12.

In view of the capable management and aggressiveness being shown, these earnings could be expected to increase over the years. However, it might take a little time to iron out organizational and other problems resulting from the recent combination of the companies.

In Brief

What is the name and address of the secretary of Magnet Consolidated?—H. B. H., Windsor, Ont.

L. J. Barrett is secretary-treasurer. The head office of the company is at 185 Bay St., Toronto.

What is the market price of Nevada State Gold Mines?—P. H. P., Victoriaville, Que.

We suggest you get in touch with a U.S. broker. He would need some time to see if there is a market for this stock.

What is the condition of Spearhead Exploration Ltd.?—K.F., Halifax, NS.

Still trying to harpoon a good property.

How is Spud Arsenault Mines Ltd.?—R.E., Hamilton, Ont.

So far it's had a tough row to hoe.

How are things with Russian Kid Mining Co. Ltd.?—F.J., Halifax.

Not very rushing.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 276

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of FORTY-FIVE CENTS per share upon the outstanding capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter payable at the bank and its branches on and after SATURDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF SEPTEMBER 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1956; shares not fully paid for by the 31ST DAY OF JULY, 1956 to rank for the purpose of the said dividend to the extent of the payments made on or before that date on the said shares respectively.

By Order of the Board,
K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager

Montreal, July 16, 1956.

Financing Retirement Income

by William Sclater

WHEN Winston Churchill spoke of bringing the magic of averages to the rescue of millions, he voiced the brightest hope in the mind of 20th century man for safeguarding his dependents against the hazards of misfortune and realizing a modest independence for the later years of life.

The growth of insurance protection in recent years is phenomenal. The aggregate total for all types of benefits paid in Canada has doubled in the past ten years. Last year it was $323 million and new life insurance issued last year exceeded the 1954 figure by nearly 50 per cent, a truly phenomenal advance in one year. But perhaps the most significant factor of all revealed by these figures is that life insurance is coming more and more towards a means of meeting the needs of living policyholders; $204 million, or more than 63 per cent of all benefits paid last year, went to living policyholders.

The big development currently underway in the field of pensions and retirement income plans is a case in point. Foresighted employers, appreciating the trend and the governing reasons behind it, are doing their best to meet the needs of their employees for a truer economic partnership in this respect. The fact that it is also becoming a factor in current union labor developments indicates the possibility of the compulsory aspects of this insurance trend.

The range and scope of the plans and policies offered are of particular interest. There are a half dozen major types of retirement financing plans. They range from self-funded and self-administered plans to group annuities and individual policies in various combinations, with profit-sharing schemes forming part of the insurance set-up. Most of the plans are sold, in one form or another, by leading life insuring companies.

From the viewpoint of both workers and employers, the provision of retirement income is a sound principle. But whether the plan decided upon is a self-funded and self-administered one or arranged in conjunction with an insurance company, great care should be taken to ensure the proper safeguarding of the employee's contributions and that there are no limiting factors on its release, within limits.

There are companies which have non-funded plans. This means they have no reserves for pensions but allowances are made as they go along. No matter how big and strong a company may be financially, this is hardly a satisfactory plan for the real safeguard of the employees. A series of bad years could well reduce or virtually eliminate the pensions of those who have already retired while making it impossible for others to retire.

A funded plan, under which the estimated cost of an employee's pension is set aside at the time he retires and reserves are established to permit long range financing of the plan, is a more popular method. It permits immediate tax savings; safeguards the employer's contributions; determines the retirement income amounts by a known formula or scale so that the employee may plan accordingly; avoids discrimination in the granting of pensions and encourages thrift. The reserves can be accumulated in a trust fund or with an insurance company.

Amounts of benefits to be paid on retirement can vary considerably. Many executives feel that 50 per cent of the income being received before retirement, made up of retirement income plus old-age pension, is an equable figure. This would actually figure out about 65 per cent of normal take-home pay in view of lower income tax and the absence of all payroll deductions paid formerly. It should also be borne in mind that inflation has made pensions that were considered adequate yesterday look pretty small by today's standards.

The self-funded and self-administered plan is definitely a deal for the bigger companies. The fact that they are dependent upon sound management and sound investment practice to be successful is something which should be borne in mind when comparing the pros and cons of this plan or that. It is not properly applicable to smaller companies and indeed a very realistic attitude should be adopted to determine the actuarial soundness of any plan of this type even with the bigger companies.

There are good retirement income plans available for any size of company, from two employees up, with good built-in safeguards and fair provisions for the older employees. In the next article in this series some of these other plans will be covered.

Edwardian Accent for Fall Fashion

by Margaret Ness

FUR HATS, an elegant Edwardian figure and Broadway's super-musical, *My Fair Lady*, mirror the fashions for Fall. I cannot remember when any play or musical has so completely dictated a fashion trend. In fact, on the final day of the recent press fashion week of the Couture Group of the New York Dress Institute, Oleg Cassini's remark that his collection was *not* based on the musical brought amused applause. But do not misunderstand. We loved the collections. Edward's was a flattering and feminine era. As for the Fall 1956 versions—well, as Adele Simpson says: "They will do something for a woman's ego and confidence".

The musical that began all this fashion furore is, of course, based on Shaw's *Pygmalion*. The fashion writers were guests of Ship 'n Shore Blouses (their Fall collection salutes the musical with a "Cockney Accent" group of Tattersall check blouses) at the show and so saw the couturiers' inspiration, in the stunning Edwardian costumes designed by Cecil Beaton. One scene—at the Ascot races—

Fur hats are becoming important; this beige velour and mink is by John Frederics.

"Bird cage" silhouette over long sheath, by Pauline Trigère.

Black-and-white velvet and satin ball gown, by Ceil Chapman.

is entirely in black and white. This dramatic combination appears in every couture collection, from coats to evening gowns. And the huge feather-trimmed hats of the period are making the milliners ecstatic.

For Fall, here is the fashion-wise wardrobe. Fall Coat: fur trimmed, as in Originala's Norwegian blue fox on charcoal grey Kashmir cloth (lavish fur trim appears even on tweeds) and for silhouette, your choice of the ample but straight or the slightly tapering to hemline or the newest "barrel" shape.

Fall Suit: the "bird cage" jacket — an extreme bloused effect, or a panel back, and there are many demi-jackets that, in length, fit in between the bolero (not as many seen) and the short style.

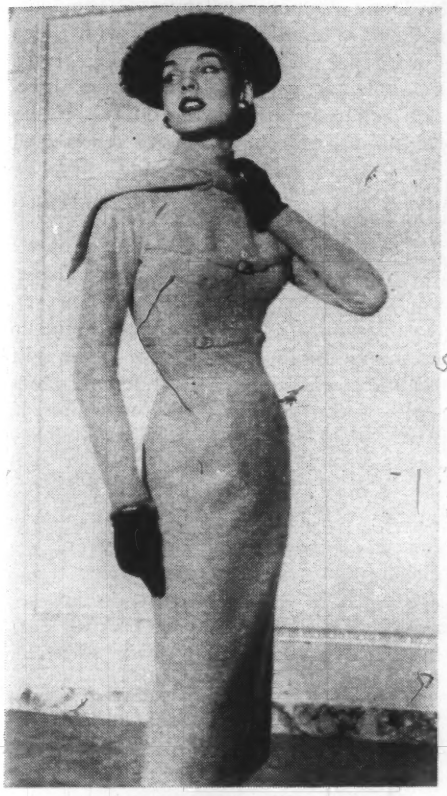
Daytime Dresses: still slim, with the high-waisted look achieved by underbosom banding or by side sashes or elevated belts. Restaurant Costumes (as the New York couturiers call the cocktail group): the daytime silhouette plus flat free-standing skirt panels, single or double, as in the sapphire blue crepe shown by Paul Parnes with one wide taffeta-lined, flowing back-panel.

Evening Gowns: from the long stemmed slinky dinner dress (Trigère includes a black silk faille with a front split and a tiny train on which precariously perches a tangerine rose) to the full-skirted ball gown, such as Ceil Chapman's green velvet with white satin-lined back paniers that become a stole, or with the skirt windswept backwards to show your slippers in a raised front hemline.

Fashion touches to watch for: folds instead of pleats; satin or chiffon tops to highlight the bosom; the shallow wide neckline for daytime and cocktail dresses, with wide straps set far out on the shoulders for evening (we saw practically no strapless gowns). Fur on everything—with enough red fox and lynx to start a trend.

Materials are no longer associated with definite costumes or times of day. A tailored coat can be of velvety-surfaced wool; a cocktail dress, of fine-textured knit; and an evening gown, in flat crepe or in a contrast combination, as in Branell's blonde chiffon skirt with a cashmere top. But for Fall, the popular materials seem to be a slightly rough texture for coats, a lot of chiffon broadcloth for daytime and either sleek silk satin or diaphanous chiffon in multiple layers for "after-five"; with much velvet for evening.

The prominence of black is firmly established but the startling boldness of black and white is a close second, direct from that Ascot Scene of *My Fair Lady*. An entire black and white wardrobe could be easily assembled — from the cobblestone tweed coat by Pauline Tri-



High bosom accented by Oleg Cassini.

Lynx used with tweed by Originala.

gère, with huge patch pockets; to the ensemble of slim black broadcloth skirt, high-bosomed white silk top and tightly fitted broadcloth jacket, by Adele Simpson; to Ceil Chapman's evening elegance of full skirted ball gown in black velvet with white satin half-bodice extending to skirt, as photographed on page 32; to an entire ensemble of a black Russian broadtail two-piece dress, with the jacket edged in white mink, designed by Leo Ritter.

Straight from the musical, too, comes the New York couturiers' interest in such pastels as apricot and mauve. The latter was even used in several of the coats by Monte-Sano and Pruzan, in the new "barrel" shape or with softly draped back column effect. But vivid reds are also much in evidence—especially the clear ruby red. Nettie Rosenstein is particularly fond of the shade and it appeared in the extremes of a glorified shirtwaist dress in satin jacquard and in an embroidered Restaurant sheath with the new high-waistline cummerbund and square neckline. And Dior showed a ruby satin frock, panelled back and front. Emerald and gold are important for evening. Lilly Daché combined an emerald green long-jacketed suit with a hat of green and brown feathers.

Hats dominate the fashion news and the fashion silhouette this Fall. The milliners have outdone themselves in late-day and evening creations in lavish materials, feathers, furs and pure extravagance in size. Even the daytime clothes are high and draped and the turbans are towering and authentic. Plateaus are even three-tiered; whole hats are made of fluttering feathers; broadtail hats are designated for daytime wear; colors are muted pastels or rich shades.

A few quick notes on some of the fashion trends: Capes are making a come-back. Blotta has a "Don Juan" coat that is cut full but smooth in back, with flat cape panels instead of sleeves; Tina Leser has a hooded cowl cape, one in plain brown with reversible brown-and-orange plaid; Trigère has an evening cape in pink champagne satin faille with a small sable collar. Adele Simpson likes the one-color-look-coat, lining, dress and hat. Hattie Carnegie's collection includes a number of demi-jackets with suits and dresses. Trigère and Mollie Parnis both feature the "bird cage" silhouette, for that new bloused look and Ceil Chapman went sophisticatedly modest with her "Camise Bodice"—a sheer overblouse falling from a high neckline, over a low cut camisole top—with the Camises in flesh pink chiffon or shadow lace and often embroidered in jewels.

So, for Fall, think extravagantly in terms of large hat, rich materials, furs and slim silhouette—next year we may not be so elegant.

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Letters

Quebec and Gordon

The Canadian National Railways belong, not to our French-Canadian fellow citizens of Quebec, but to *all* Canadians...

As to Mayor Drapeau's hypothetical question as to the reaction if a hotel in Toronto were named the Dollard-des-Ormeaux or the Louis-Joseph Papineau, may I point out that Ottawa's leading hotel has for many years borne the name of one of the greatest French-Canadians who ever lived—Laurier.

The present agitation appears to stem from a sense of inferiority as baseless as it is unfortunate for the national unity we all so much desire.

OTTAWA G. R. L. POTTER

As the Queen has consented to have the hotel named after her, and as Donald Gordon or the Dominion of Canada is not going to cancel her acceptance, why don't the agitators drop the matter? Have they forgotten that the CPR named one of its finest hotels "Chateau Frontenac" and the CNR named its finest hotel the "Chateau Laurier"? . . . There was no agitation by Ontario to have this Ottawa hotel called the Sir John Macdonald, or the Robert Borden . . .

OTTAWA H. M. DAVIS

. . . Hugh MacLennan . . . thinks Quebec consists of Drapeau and his noisy but quite small group which Gratien Gélinas lampooned in one of his revues as "Le Flop Populaire".

Anybody who knows the Mayor and his group at all knows the attack is only incidentally on Donald Gordon and his hotel name. The real target is the Queen herself.

Actually, the Queen is very popular in Quebec. She never had a more enthusiastic popular reception than Quebec gave her when she came here . . . When Drapeau became mayor, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel was still only a nameless blueprint. His first act was to take the Queen's picture off the wall of his chambers. It reappeared later in a dim corridor.

Shame on Mr. MacLennan for mistaking this noisy little minority for the sturdy, he-man province of Quebec!

MONTREAL JACQUES GIRARD

Let us acclaim Hugh MacLennan's attitude. Even without reference to the Anglo-French cultural dichotomy, there are potent arguments against the name Queen Elizabeth Hotel. The entire Commonwealth is getting cluttered with Queen Elizabeth ships, bridges, hotels, schools, and what-have-you in a sycophantic way utterly unworthy of great communities of supposedly independently-minded peoples. After all, the chief purpose of a name is to distinguish the object from other objects . . . In the present instance it so happens that the alternative is as excellent as the first proposal is lousy: Chateau Maisonneuve fits in with the Chateaux of other Canadian cities, honors a great but little-known man, and is superbly distinctive.

OTTAWA N. T. GRIDGEMAN

Tennis

. . . Having completed a ten-year run from 1947 to 1956, the length of time it takes to develop an international tennis star, and financially assisted Toronto's Don Fontana in making our Canadian Davis Cup team, Tennis In Trust closes shop, to the everlasting glorification of the game and the relief of some 68 sportsmen who privately subscribed during the ten year stretch.

Its place is expected to be taken this fall by a bigger fund set-up through "gate" proceeds of the first annual O'Keefe International Invitation tennis tournament which will be played at Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, Toronto, Sept. 6-12. This new sports event was arranged by Doug Philpott, chairman of the tournament committee, together with Glen Campbell, president and Doug Haig, treasurer, acting on behalf of the directors and members of the TLTC. H. E. Dalton and Harold M. Foster represented the O'Keefe Brewing Co. Ltd.

TORONTO COLE PETERSEN

. . . We certainly need money to properly develop our tennis stars. Crowds of spectators mean money. Must we, however, lower tennis to the level of wrestling to get it out of this "mess"? . . . The best facilities exist mostly at tennis clubs where social climbers are often present. Why should these clubs have a monopoly on facilities? Good playing facilities need not include a club house and a bar. For tennis you just need courts. Why then can tennis not be played at schools, in playgrounds and parks, if proper courts are provided? . . . We have numerous associations concerned with people's disabilities. What's the matter with those for their abilities?

CALGARY PETER FERGUSON

Editor's note: In the article by Trent Frayne, the impression may have been given that the International Invitation tournament at the Toronto Tennis Club was a wholly independent event. In fact, it is being held under the auspices of the Canadian, U.S. and Ontario Tennis Associations.

Royalty

. . . Of course it is unfortunate that Princess Margaret's affairs figure so largely in the gossip columns of the press. Her taste in entertainment seems regrettable, but she never fails in the many public tasks her rank inflicts upon her, which her detractors would probably find arduous enough. It is hard to live one's whole life in the public eye, as Royalty has to do, and people like Bevan and his followers are only too ready to pounce upon anything that appears questionable in their behavior.

KENORA, ONT. BERTHA C. GOLDER

Parliament

That article by John A. Stevenson on the Murder of the 22nd Parliament was the greatest, all-out attack I've seen. At last! Canada has emerged from its mediocrity and second-rate quality. A first-rate quality is to attack, without fear, any injustice and ineptitude.

YORKTON, SASK. STAN OBODIAC

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	18
BUSINESS	25
COVER STORY	23
FILMS	20
GOLD & DROSS	28
OTTAWA LETTER	12
WOMEN	31

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7 boys; 5 girls

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